

The
Gospel
of
St. Mark
with
the
Gospel
of
St. Luke

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C. Ellis.



"Shakspeare and the Bible,"

BY
CHARLES ELLIS.

A GIFT BOOK
FOR EVERY HOME.

With Portraits of Shakspeare and the Author.

"I think the 'Christ in Shakspeare' is a very remarkable book. I should like 3 more copies."—A Lady.

RECENT NOTICES.

"To those interested in the wonderful work, which we still believe—in spite of all attempts to prove the contrary—to be that of Shakspeare, this attractively bound volume will be quite a gold mine. It brings together the most striking examples of the bard's indebtedness to both old and new Testaments, and Mr. Ellis may be congratulated on such a scholarly attempt to show how the writer of these immortal plays gathered so much inspiration from the Book of Books."—Christian Age.

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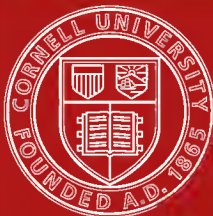
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"Your charming book has arrived on my birthday. Many thanks for the gift. I have been reading with the greatest interest and delight your happy parallels from Christ's words and from His prophets."—Charles W. Stubbs, Bishop of Truro.

To dearest
Grace Maxwell Hardy—
July 15th 1909.

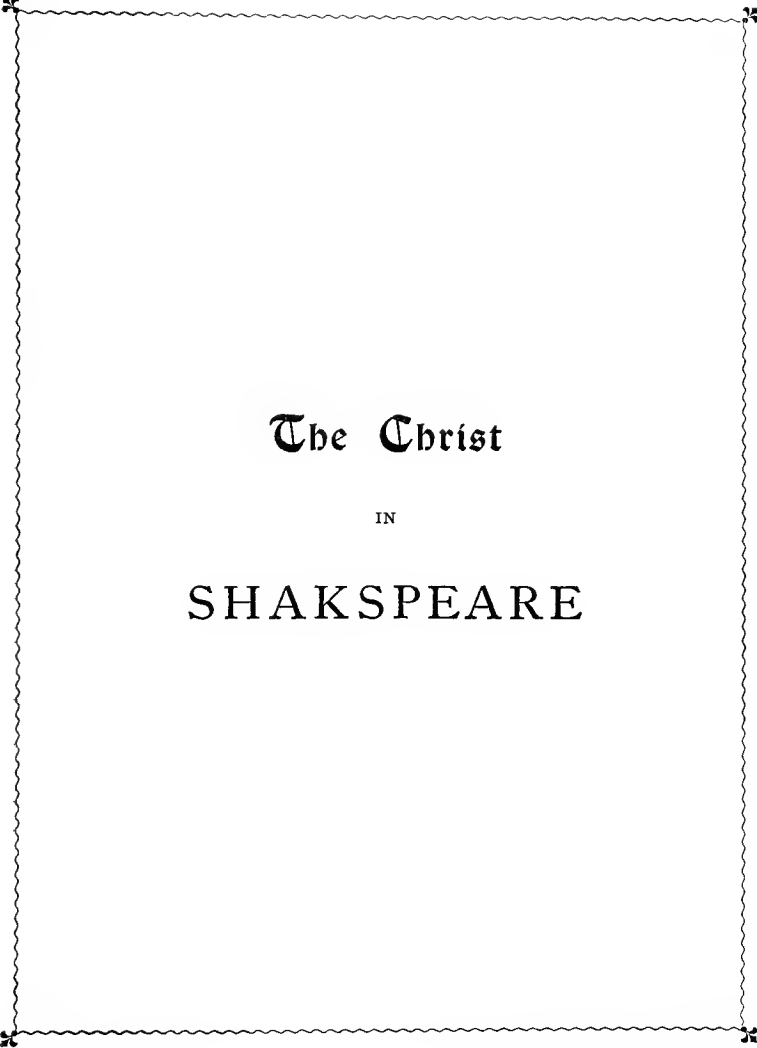


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The Christ
IN
SHAKSPEARE

“The Shakspeare of the Church.”



“Will you lay your life on it—your estate—your reputation, that the doctrine of Jesus Christ is true in every article?—then you have faith.”

* * * *

“Dearest Jesus, let me trust in thee for ever.”

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR,
1613-67.

“Christ, not Christianity, is the power that has soothed and satisfied the spirit of the great multitude which no man can number.”

CANON AINGER (*Sermons*),
Master of the Temple, 1896.

To the Memory
OF
MY BELOVED MASTER,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

MY Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
* * * * *
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe,
He was not of an Age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
* * * * *

BEN JONSON.

On the Portrait
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

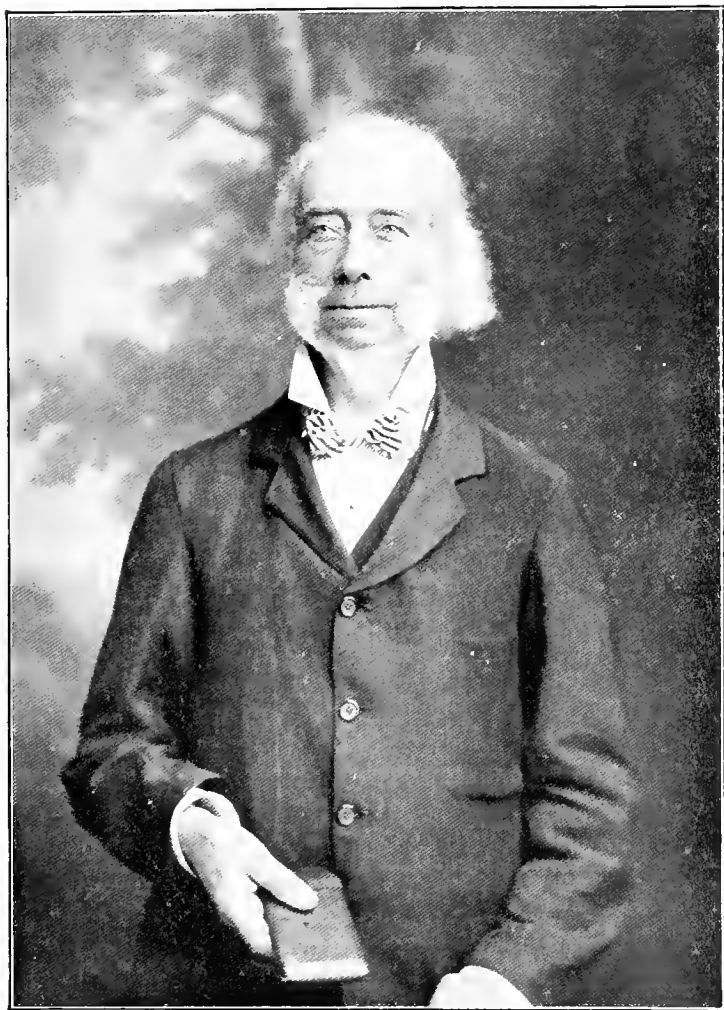
~~~~~  
*TO THE READER.*  
~~~~~

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut :
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face ; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass ;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

BEN[JAMIN] JONSON, 1616.



Reproduced from Houbraken's engraving, 1747, of the portrait
of William 'Shakespear' in the possession of
John Nicoll of Southgate, Esquire.



SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

SHAKSPEARE

A Reading from the Merchant of Venice

SHAKSPEARIANA

SONNETS

With their Scriptural Harmonies

INTERPRETED BY

CHARLES ELLIS,

AUTHOR OF "ABOVE THE CLOUDS"; "RICHMOND: A POEM";
ETC. ETC. ETC.



"My love is deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite."

W. S.

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“Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldiers now, under whose blesséd cross
We are impresséd and engaged to fight
. . . . in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blesséd feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

W. S.

“Let me, O God, for ever fix mine eyes
Upon the merit of that sacrifice :
Let me retain a due commemoration
Of those dear mercies, and that bloody passion.”

EMBLEM—*The Pelican.* G. WITHER.

Sh. - Bible
- Sonnets

To

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIDNEY

14th (15th)

EARL OF PEMBROKE,

(1468)-1551-1895

THIS TRIBUTE

To the Memory of

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

By the Author

C. E.

LYME REGIS, 1896.

The 1st Earl of Pembroke as (Sir) William Herbert, of the household of King Henry VIII., created 1551.

Henry, 2nd Earl, was father of *William, 3rd Earl*, who died childless, 1630, 14 years after William Shakspeare.

Philip, his brother, succeeded as 4th Earl: he died 1650, and was succeeded by his eldest son Philip, 5th Earl, deceased 1669.

William, Philip, and Thomas, his three sons, followed in succession as 6th, 7th, and 8th Earls, the last named dying 1733, whose elder son, Henry, was 9th Earl: he died 1751, and was succeeded by his only son, Henry, 10th Earl; deceased 1794, whose only son succeeded as 11th Earl, who died 1827, of whom Mr. Lodge records that he was deeply laimented by those amongst whom he was in constant residence, affording employment to the numerous peasantry of his large estate at Wilton.

His successor was his eldest son, Robert Henry, 12th Earl, who died 1862, and was succeeded by his nephew, George Robert Charles, as 13th Earl, born 1850, died 3rd May, 1895. The present Earl is his brother, Sidney, born 1853.

The 'W. H.' to whom it is believed many of the Sonnets were addressed was therefore Mr. William Herbert, 3rd Earl.

The family motto is in French. In English it reads, 'One will I serve.'

“Un je servirai”

(THE MOTTO OF THE EARLS OF PEMBROKE).

‘ONE WILL I SERVE’*—one only, for
Two Masters, who shall serve?
One Master, both in peace and war
From honour ne’er to swerve.

In His high service may I be
Known as the bearer of that shield
Which ever must be borne in fear—
Yet, fearless in the tented field,
As in the Council ; holding dear
His spotless honour, who for me
Endured captivity and made me free !

* *Joshua xxiv. 24.*

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,

WAS BORN

23rd APRIL 1564.

He died 23rd APRIL 1616.

SUSANNA, HIS DAUGHTER,

(WIFE OF DR. JOHN HALL)

Died 11th JULY 1649, aged 66.

On her tombstone were inscribed the following lines :

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all ;
"Wise unto Salvation," was good Mistress Hall :
Something of Shakspeare was in *that*, but *this*,
*Wholly of Him,** with whom she's now in bliss.

Her daughter ELIZABETH, by her second marriage,
became Lady BERNARD, dying childless, 1670.

She was the last lineal descendant of our Poet.

* Very significant testimony from the family then surviving of the true piety of Shakspeare.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tributary Couplets.

By WILLIAM COLLINS, 1743,

In an epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his edition of Shakspeare's works.

WHILE born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb ;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell :
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And, blushing, hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name :

* * * * *

For heav'n, still various in its works, decreed
*The perfect boast of time** should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength ;
One greater Muse, Eliza's reign, adorn,
And e'en a Shakspeare to her fame be born !

* For the italic the Editor is responsible. These lines are from his one poem alluding to his great progenitor, but very unequal to himself, for of him it can still be said he was "the founder of a new school of poetry," and in his exquisite manner "he has no rival." He was "a great reader of the Bible" (born 1721—died 1759).

SHAKSPEARE.

The Christ in Shakspeare.

TO every soul imprison'd here below
Is full salvation given, yet man will not
Believe and live. Yea, rather would he now
Swear by some notion he has madly got
Lurking in sad concealment in his brain,
There foisted by his unseen enemies :
He will not hear that self-redemption's vain,
Proceeding from the father, dread, of lies.
Our "gentle Shakspeare," in historic lays,
The hideous end loud thunders solemnly ;
And, again, safety, with such beauty says,
Is in the Christ, who died to set us free :
O what a heav'n is found "in truth and love"—
Our great "forerunner" to the Realms above !

C. E.

VICTORIAN EDITION.

[The Elizabethan Era had all the heroic charm of the early forenoon of a summer's day, as the Victorian Era has the sumptuous glory following the meridian.]

PREAMBLE

TO

SECOND EDITION.

“Garrick was a worshipper himself.
He drew the Liturgy, and framed the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, famed in song.”

COWPER.

* * * * *

“Shakspeare has seized every turn and flexure of the ever-varying mind of man in all its fluctuating forms, touched it in all its changeful shades, and marked it in all its nicer gradations, as well as its more abrupt varieties. He exhibits the whole internal structure of man, uniting the correctness of anatomy with the exactness of delineation, the graces and proportion and often the highest beauty of colouring.”

HANNAH MORE.

PREAMBLE
TO
*VICTORIAN EDITION.**

THE author of these selections from the works of Shakspeare has aimed hereby to demonstrate what has been privately understood and felt throughout the ages, that he wrote for all time and for all readers.

To realise this, however, it had become necessary, and especially at this epoch of the Victorian Age, to provide some such setting forth as is now presented to the hand of all in every English home.

* The first edition of the Sonnets was published by Messrs. Samuel Bagster & Sons, London, September, 1896.

If Milton sings of him—

“With laurel crown'd, which never fades,”

and Wordsworth—

“Scorn not the sonnet . . . with this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart,”

and if King David could witness that the love of Jonathan for him was “wonderful, passing the love of women,” surely our Poet might confess that “the love of Christ which passeth knowledge” claimed all of him in return.

It has been said his love was more than man's to man, or man's to woman. Here then we find that outpouring of love suggestive of the evidence of things unseen—love soaring above earthly loves, because, as recorded of him by those who knew him best, he was “WISE UNTO SALVATION.”

The portrait (reproduction) given with this

volume well supports these evidences of his true character, which is, perhaps, more than can be said of any other portrait known.*

With a natural genius never exceeded, his penetration and kingly power to exhibit both evil and good is unapproached; his object always being to hold up vice to abhorrence, and virtue to honour and imitation. His own heart being upright, his purpose is to illustrate the Psalm xviii. 25, 26: "With the godly (merciful) thou wilt observe thyselfe godly: with the upright thou wilt shewe thyselfe upright: with the pure thou wilt shewe thyselfe pure, and with the froward thou wilt shewe thyselfe

* "The portrait is choice indeed. The forehead claims the works, and the works the forehead. The face is altogether beautiful."—*Extract from Letter, M. E.*

froward”;* and this he does in his embodiment of character answering to these several differences.

He is no plagiarist—he cannot purloin; he forms a just estimate of the work of all that is worthy to his purpose, and moulds it in his own inimitable fashion, that others may become partakers of the gold which he has gathered and refined.

This on the one hand, whilst on the other hand he strips unsanctified life of its guile and tawdry, and presents humanity's real condition, in every rank of life, as it is.

What his highest ambition was is best expressed in his own Sonnet, No. cxlvi., the last in this selection, as follows:—

* The psalmist here speaketh of God according to our capacitie, who sheweth mercie to his, and punisheth the wicked.—*Margin, G. V.*

“ Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine, to aggravate* thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within, be fed, without, be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men,
And death, once dead, there's no more dying then.

* The sense of “aggravate” is, clearly, increase,
the primary synonym.

Many generous and sympathetic readers of the first edition of this Work have warmly expressed their approval of the manner and measure of the author's endeavour to display what he has found in some of the writings of our Poet, and to them he tenders his very grateful thanks.

C. E.

LYME REGIS, 1897.

PREFACE

TO

SONNETS—FIRST EDITION.

“THE name of Shakspeare is the greatest in our Literature.”* He was the glory of his Age, and is the glory of the present Age. “The noblest literary man of all time,” writes Henry Irving, “the finest and yet most prolific writer—the greatest student of man, and the greatest master of man’s highest gift,—of language—surely it is treason to humanity to speak of such an one as in any sense a common place being.

“Imagine him rather as he must have been, the most notable courtier of the court, the most perfect gentleman who stood in the Elizabethan throng.

* HALLAM.

“The man in whose presence divines would falter and hesitate, lest their knowledge of ‘THE BOOK’ should seem poor by the side of his, and at whom even queenly royalty would look askance with an oppressive sense that there was one to whose . . . true imagination the hearts of kings and queens and peoples had always been an open page!

“The thought of such a man is an incomparable inheritance for any nation, and such a man was . . . Shakespeare.”*

In this volume are presented fifty jewels of thought wrought by that deft hand, selected from the one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets extant.

As they exist in their accepted consecutive

* (Sir) HENRY IRVING, *Lectures on the Drama*.
(W. Heinemann, 1893.)

order they are buried—lost to the general reader, and barred to the Christian life.

“His genius,” says a recent writer, “was colossal, raising him far above all other men that ever lived, yet he is nearer to us . . . than any other. . . . Truly he was titled ‘the gentle,’ for while he instructs, he does not lecture; though he reproves, he never jibes.” “We believe,” says the same, “that the home education of William Shakespeare was grounded upon the Bible, and that if this Book had been sealed to his childhood, he might have been the Poet of nature—of passion—his humour might have been as rich as we find it, and his wit as pointed, but that he would not have been the Poet of the most profound as well as the most tolerant philosophy; his insight into the nature of man (his meanness

and his grandeur, his weakness and his strength) would not have been what it is."*

The Sonnets were first printed in the year 1609 by G. Eld for Thomas Thorp, publisher and bookseller, 4to, 40 leaves—seven years only before the end.

They were dedicated, not by the Poet, but by Thorp, to Mr. W. H.,† to whom he attri-

* (Major) JAMES WALTER, *Shakespeare's True Life*.
(Longmans, 1890.)

† That 'W. H.' stands for 'William Herbert,' afterwards Earl of Pembroke, needs no question. He was 3rd Earl, and died childless, 1630—fourteen years later than our Poet. He was grandson of Sir William Herbert, of the Household of King Henry the VIII., created Earl of Pembroke, 1551.

The Earldom was, indeed, of more ancient date—1468, but lapsed in the 'Wars of the Roses.'

He was sometime Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and himself a Poet and Patron of Learning.

SHAKESPEARE AT MARLBOROUGH.—Mr. Scott, the able head of the MS. Department of the British Museum (an old Marlburian), has been examining the documents in the Town Clerk's office, and has found that in 1592 the acting company of William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, visited Marlborough. This was the company to which William Shakespeare belonged, so there is little doubt that our great poet actually performed one of his own plays in Marlborough. The Mayor and Corporation paid them the sum of £13 odd, which would be, it is supposed, equivalent to about £156 in those days.—From *The Marlborough Times*, Saturday, 27th June, 1896.

butes the honour of being the Poet's friend, and to whom they were addressed, although it is plain they were not all, or generally to one and the same friend.

“The precise form of words of dedication.” says Collier, is

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF
THESE ENSUING SONNETS
ME W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED.

BY
OUR EVER LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELLWISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH
T. T.

The first group, or Poem, is Nos. 1 to 26;
the second, Nos. 27 to 55; the third, Nos. 56

to 77; the fourth, Nos. 78 to 101; the fifth, Nos. 102 to 126. Of the remaining 28—Nos. 127 to 154, some were seemingly addressed to a lady, not the whole, as Collier assumes; for Nos. 129, 143, and 146 need have no such attribution.

From the first division 6 have been drawn; from the second, 11; from the third, 8; from the fourth, 7; from the fifth, 18; and from the sixth, 3.*

If in the estimation of all scholars gifted with a just sense of poetic worth, the author is "the greatest of Poets of any age," it is, doubtless, because he never failed to unite with the sublime the tenderest natural sympathies of the human heart, refined by a spirituality of more or less pronounced significance.

* These figures vary from First Edition, there being now 53.

Some true Poets have written a few good hymns, yet amongst these none have succeeded in expressing their thoughts with the felicity and strength of these glorious sonnets, which harmoniously flow in perfect accord with the highest aspirations, to the honour and praise of Him who is above all.

It is no fancy, but an admitted truth, that the spiritual mind of our author is brought to light by the light of the Bible (Psalm cxix. 105), and his deep musings therein found their delightful embodiment in a poetic correspondence with one or more earthly friends.*

The attentive reader will not fail to discover

* "We can scarcely open (the pages) of Shakspeare," says Mr. Selkirk of Selkirk, "as if by accident, without encountering one or other of the great truths (of the Bible) which his genius has assimilated and reproduced in words that seem to renew its authority and strengthen its claims upon men's attention."

this, assisted by the quotations selected to this purpose, conveniently set to face each Sonnet as "an adjunct pleasure."

Although the Poet's primary aim was not to display his spirituality to a general reader, if he ever pondered such a thing, he had never the wish to hide from his friend or from anyone the exalted views which he had derived from the study of the Scriptures. On the contrary, it is evident that he wrote at all times as prompted by the warmth of his heart, with the manly dignity so conspicuous in all his writings.*

* The following well defines this; appropriately, without design: "God does not reveal Himself to all alike, and many hold secret communion with Him who hardly express themselves more than in tone of their life and conversation; and to many, such is only safe or natural, but the reality must always appear."

Letter—M. E. to C. E., 3rd January, 1896.

Lastly be it said, if anything short of an abundant acceptance awaits this offering, the many hours expended in its production have been its own reward, and must so continue while solace by the way¹ is a felt need of daily life.

C. E.

Incidentally, here it is only right to record that during the ten or more years of the conception and preparation of this work, Mr. Selkirk's book, 'BIBLE TRUTHS, with Shakspearian parallels' (1878), has remained unknown to, and unheard of by this author; and, until after the MS. was in the Publisher's hands:—this, however, may be apparent to the intelligent reader both by the design and the treatment in each.—C. E.

1. William Shakespears
his Booke

2. Willm. Shakespears

3. W^{illm} Shakespears

2 B^y and William Shakespears

AUTOGRAPHS.

Nos.
1 & 2.

Of these four autographs of William Shakspeare, the first two are from a volume of autographs collected by J. Gough Nichols, and published by J. B. Nichols and Son, 1829.

3. 'Will^m Shakspere' is from one written on the fly-leaf of the English translation of *Montaigne's Essays*, by John Florio, printed in folio, 1603, and at the time taken was in the possession of the Rev. E. Patteson, of East Sheen.

4. Is a copy, as given by Nicholas Rowe, 1823, from the signature of the will, now deposited in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons.

THE PRELUDE.

I.

“ My gentle Shakspeare !”

“ he

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are*) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse’s anvil ; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for a laurel he may gain a scorn.
For a good Poet’s made as well as born,
And such wert thou”

* * * * *

Sweet Swan of Avon.”

BEN JONSON.

* Shakspeare himself styles them “ my unpolished lines”—in his dedication to Henry Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton.

THE PRELUDE.

II.

'ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKSPEARE
AND HIS POEMS.'

“ His verse shall live ;
And more than nature takes our hands shall give
In a less volume, but more strongly bound
Shakspeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel
crown'd
Which never fades.”

J. M. S.

* * “ Possibly,” says Payne Collier, “ J. M. S. is John Milton, Student,
for we know of no other Poet of the time capable of writing this surpassing
tribute.” J. P. C.

(The complete “tribute” is in 38 couplets.)

PROEMIAL.

I.

“STRATFORD-ON-AVON!” No one ever fails to be impressed by that particular hour in his life when his gaze first falls upon the quaint old abode in the rural street where the mighty genius of Shakespeare was given to his country. Prince or peasant, lord or labourer, statesman or serving-man, philosopher or tinker, we all of us come face to face there with one of the deepest mysteries of humanity—the uprise, that is to say, of these great and gifted natures which appear so capriciously, and yet exercise such prodigious influence.

“Shakespeare’s name is—by the common consent of all entitled to judge—one of those necessarily few names in human records which have passed beyond criticism into a region of perpetual admiration, delight, and instruction.

“How little he has let us know of himself, how mysterious and unpenetrated is the disguise which his splendid spirit wore in that plain Warwickshire name, and that simple, day by day, common place life in London and the country.”

Daily Telegraph,
17th May, 1895.

PROEMIAL.

II.

"IF ANY MAN . . . STRIVE FOR A MASTERIE, HE IS NOT CROWNED
EXCEPT HE STRIVE AS HE OUGHT TO DOE."—2 *Timothy* ii. 2.

Shakspeare is here as the bowman ; his sonnet at once the bow and the quiver ; the Bible is the armoury whence he draws living shafts out of the fountain of living waters.

"The primitive days of the Church of Christ were again realised in the 16th century.

"This was the era which, in reference to the religion of this country, might well be called the golden age of the Church."—R. H.

PROEMIAL.

III.

“Christ alone is the King of spirits and souls.”

* * * * *

“The gardener while he prunes his vines and
arbours may record some of David’s Sonnets.”

JOHN HALES,
“The Ever Memorable,”
A.D. 1584-1650.

PROEMIAL.

IV.

Translation of the Bible.

But to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
And he who guides the plough or wields the crook
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong
Which faith has suffered, heaven could calmly brook :
Transcendent boon !

W. WORDSWORTH.

PROEMIAL.

V.

The Tercentenary of Shakspeare's Birth.

*From the Archbishop of Dublin's Sermon,
preached at Stratford-on-Avon, Sunday, 24th April, 1864.*

JAMES I. 17.

"Shakspeare was the child of England—of the Reformation. He was born of its spirit. . . .

"As we read his works we feel that justice walks the world, delaying, it may be, but not forgetting; as is ever the manner of the Divine Avenger. . . .

"He who towers above every other is memorable by all which we know him for, the equable and harmonious developments of his whole being, . . . the dear heir of a memory which the world would never let die. . . .

"Men attain heaven, not soaring on the wings of genius, but patiently climbing up the stairs of faith, and love, and obedience. The brightest crowns are doomed to wither; there is but one amaranthine crown—even that which Christ gives to them, be they high or low, wise or simple, emperors or clowns, *who have loved, and served, and obeyed Him.*

"For myself, I am strong in my belief, that from one so gentle, so tender, so just, so true as Shakspeare, the grace to make this highest consecration was not withholden; that we have the right to number him with Dante, with Spenser, with Milton, and with all that august company of poets, 'who sing and are ever singing in their (the) glory.' His intimate, nay, in one sense, profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, no one can doubt, or the strong grasp which he had on their central truth. He knew the deep corruption of our fallen nature—the desperate wickedness of the heart of man; else he could never have put into the mouth of a Prince of stainless life such a confession as this: 'I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.'*

"He has set forth the scheme of our redemption in words as lovely as have ever proceeded from any uninspired pen."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

* HAMLET. Act III. Scene I.

Sunday
AT THE
TERCENTENARY.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1864.

'T is the sabbath—fair the day,
Shall we not with Shakspeare pray?
To the Church the votaries speed
(Space, the Gothic Fane doth need).
* TRENCH, the critic-Bishop, rises,
And with eloquence surprises,
For he took our hearts along,
Less with sermon than with song ;
More than sermon, us to tell
All our Shakspeare had done well ;
Thus to picture what we owe
In our joy, as in our woe,
To the Poet-friend of man
Shed throughout our little span ;
Near those hallow'd reliques standing,
Tone and attitude commanding,
Well the preacher then did preach,
Much to charm and much to teach.

J. E.

* DR. R. C. TRENCH, Archbishop of Dublin, on 24th April, 1864,
preached from *James* i. 17.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.”—A. V.

THE READER

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THE WRITER

*Enquire with seeking eye;
And with attentive ear,
Draw nigh:
Do more—take off your coat,
Whether it be
Of texture to promote
Despondency,
Or doubt, or fear,
Or, haply, scorn
(To wither with a sneer):
No matter, rough or shorn,
Dig deep
Into the depths where hidden lie
Jewels, which, coming by
Shall make you leap
With joy (or weep);
But once in joy, possess'd,
You must and shall be bless'd.*

MERCHANT
OF
VENICE.

“Shakspeare’s sovereign knowledge of the world, instead of making him cynical and austere, makes him charitable and gentle. . . . He is as conciliatory as he is great.

“Between the licence of chivalric manners and the severer morality which the Reformation and the *new-born study of the sacred writings* were destined to introduce . . . there *was* in the characters of the men of the world a singular mixture of qualities fair and noble, and foul and mean, the mixture being sustained by a third element of intellectual activity or poetic grace.”

BULWER-LYTTON.

[ORIGINAL TITLE.]

“The Excellent History
OF
THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE

A Drama by William Shakspeare

PRINTED BY JAMES ROBERTS

FOR WILLIAM HAIES

1600”

“I’ve heard those say, that travel to the West,
Whence this beloved metal is increas’t,
That in the places where such minerals be
Is neither grass nor herb, nor plant nor tree,
And like enough ; for this at home I find,
Those who too earnestly employ the mind
About that trash, have hearts (I dare uphold)
As barren as the place where men dig gold.”

G. WITHER.*

“Shakspeare,” says Wieland, “has seized upon the
grandest idea with which we can survey the firmament.”

LORENZO. Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of
heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold ;
There’s not the smallest orb, which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey’d cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Act V., Scene I.

“Without Christ all gain is loss,
All hope despair, that stands not on His cross.”
‘Hope’—COWPER.

* “Wither seems everywhere bursting with a love of goodness and a hatred of all low and base actions.”—CHARLES LAMB.

A READING
FROM
SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY
MERCHANT OF VENICE

WITH
Biblical Harmonies

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY
C. E.

"MERCIE REJOYCETH AGAINST JUDGEMENT."

1897

[Gold, Silver, Lead. By these three emblems may be suggested the greed of Avarice. Gold.—The command, "Go, work," with its requital, "Pay me my wages." Silver.—And the softer service (only harder by injustice), willing, free service, yet subject in self-abasement. Self-effacement, easily impressed—the ductile lead.]

The Fountaine of Life.

GENEVAN VERSION, 1606.

"Oh, this people have sinned a great sinne, and have made them gods of gold."—*Exodus xxxii. 31.*

"If I made golde mine hope, or have said to the wedge of gold, *thou* art my confidence, if I rejoyced because my substance was great, or because mine hand had gotten much, . . . let thistles grow instead of wheate."—*Job xxxi. 24, 25, 40.*

"Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chiefe priests and sayd, what will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? and they appointed unto him thirty *pieces* of silver."—*S. Matthew xxvi. 14, 15.*

"The desire of money is the roote of all evill, which, while some lusted after, they erred from the faith, and pearced themselves thorow with many sorrowes, but thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousnes, godlines, faith, love, patience, meeknesse."
—*I Timothy vi. 10, 11.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

THE Poet meditates on the good and evil influences ever acting upon mankind to their happy freedom from strife, or to their unrest and confusion, and having himself learned that the grace of God alone can preserve the one or foil the other, either to Jew or Gentile, he proceeds to the display of both conditions by examples.

BELMONT.

An apartment in the house of PORTIA, a rich heiress.

Three suitors for her hand are—

PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

BASSANIO (a friend of the Merchant of Venice).

Before each of these, in turn, are set three caskets—gold, silver, lead. In one of these Portia's portrait is concealed, the discovery of which betokens acceptance, each suitor first swearing to observe three certain injunctions.

The Fountaine.

“The Lord hath set thee up this day, to be a precious people unto him (as hee hath promised thee) and that thou shouldest keepe all his commandments.”—*Deuteronomie* xxvi. 18.

“Ah, sinfull nation, . . . they have provoked the holy one of Israel to anger; they are gone backward.”—*Isaiah* i. 4.

“My vowes will I performe before them that fear him.”—*Psalme* xxii. 25.

“Thou shalt not forswear thy selfe but shalt performe thine othes to the Lord.”—*S. Matthew* v. 33.

“Every one of the tribes of the children of Israel shall sticke to his owne inheritance.”—*Numbers* xxxvi. 9.

“Ye entred not in yourselves and them that came in, ye forbade.”—*S. Luke* xi. 52.

“Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstaine from meates which God hath created to be received with giving thankes of them which beleeve and know the truth: for every creature of God is good, and nothing ought to be refused, if it bee received with thanksgiving for it is sanctified by the Worde of God and prayer.”—*1 Epistle to Timotheus* iv. 3, 4, 5.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, &c.

(The caskets set out.)

PORTIA. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am foresworn ;
So, will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been foresworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They * have o'erlook'd me, and divided me ;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so, all yours ! O these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so though yours, not yours. Prove it so.

* * * * * *

I speak too long ; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO. Let me choose ;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

* 'They,' the two princes.

"Upon the rack," to tear out confession of treason; but his love is pure—an extorted confession is not a penitent one. An honest confession must be free and without sophistry—without dissimulation. "Confess and *live*" is *from* Christ; "Confess and love" is *to* Christ.

The fountaine.

"Though I walke in the middes of trouble *yet* wilt thou revive me: thou wilt stretch forth thine hand upon the wrath of mine enemies and thy right hand shall save mee."—*Psalme cxxxviii. 7.*

"When (Peter) saw a mighty wind, hee was afraid: and as he beganne to sinke, he cried, saying, Master, save me. So immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him and sayd to him, O thou of little faith, wherefore diddest thou doubt?" *S. Matthew xiv. 30, 31.*

"Jesus heard that they had cast (the blind man) out: and when hee had found him, hee said unto him, doest thou beleeve in the Sonne of God? he answered and said, Who is hee Lord that I might beleeve in him, and Jesus said unto him both thou hast seene him, and he it is that talketh with thee. Then he said, Lord, I beleeve, and worshipped him."—*John ix. 35-38.*

"There they were afraid for feare, *where* no feare was."—*Psalme liii. 5.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity of life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men, enforcéd, do speak anything.

BASSANIO. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA. Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune, and the caskets.

True love is controlled and led by an unseen hand, and the sought one is a load-star. The unsettled, unstable, and double-minded are caught in many snares—"and many are weak."

The fountaine.

"The love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if one bee dead for all, then were all dead: and he died for all, that they which live, should not hencefoorth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."—2 *Corinthians* v. 14, 15.

"When (Paul) was called forth, Tertullus (a certaine Orateur) began to accuse *him*, saying, seeing that wee have obtained great quietnesse through thee, and that many worthy things are done unto this nation, through thy providence, wee acknowledge it wholly, and in all places, most noble Felix, with all thanks. But that I bee not tedious unto thee, I pray thee, that thou wouldest heare us of thy courtesie, a few words. Certaynely we have found this man, a pestilent fellow."—*Acts* xxiv. 2-5.

"Before these times rose up Theudas, boasting himselfe, to whom resorted a number of men, . . . who was slaine, and they all which obeyed him were scattered."—*Acts* v. 36.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them :
If you do love me, you will find me out.

* * * * *

Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live : with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

BASSANIO. So may the outward shows be least
themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnéd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted.

False appearances—gold, silver, outward show, deceit, vanity—"beware least thou be taken in a snare."

The Fountaine.

"The Lord had respect unto Habel and to his offering, but unto Kain, and to his offering, he had no regard."*
—*Genesis* iv. 4, 5.

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver. . . . When goods increase, they are increased that eat them : and what good cometh to the owners thereof, but the beholding *thereof* with their eyes."—*Ecclesiastes* v. 9, 10.

"Their idoles are silver and gold."—*Psalme* cxv. 4.

"My fruite is better then golde, and my revenues *better* then fine silver."—*Proverbs* viii. 19.

"Jezebel . . . painted her face, and tyred her head, and looked out at a window."—2 *Kings* ix. 30.

"O ye sonnes of men, how long will *ye turne* my glory into shame, loving vanitie and seeking lies."—*Psalme* iv. 2.

"I hate all the wayes of falshood."—*Psalme* cxix. 104.

* "Because he was an hypocrite and offered only an outward shew."—Marginal note.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BASSANIO. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crispéd, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposéd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilé shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Fear—despair—jealousy, are passions which work unto great catastrophes, but these are less potent than love, which moves the soul to a free surrender of all we have and all we are. It is this, and this alone, that operates to enable nature to cast all into the inviting vacant scale in Christ, which is love divine—discovered.

The Fountaine.

“Let no wickednesse dwell in thy tabernacle. Then truly shalt thou lift up thy face without spot, and shalt be stable, and shalt not feare.”—*Job* xi. 14, 15.

“I sawe that there is profit in wisdom, more than in folly: as the light is more excellent then darknesse.”—*Ecclesiastes* ii. 13.

“Let your patient mind” (moderation) “be knowen unto all men.”—*Philippians* iv. 5.

“Strengthened with all might through his glorious power unto all patience.”—*Colossians* i. 11.

“I have compared thee* O my love, to the troupe of horses in the Charets of Pharoah.”—*Song* i. 8.

“Turne away thine eyes from me: for they overcome mee.”—*Song* vi. 4.

“Set me as a seale in thine heart, and as a signet upon thine arme: for love is strong as death: jealousie is cruell as the grave; the coles thereof are fierie coles, and a vehement flame. Much water cannot quench love.”—*Song* viii. 6, 7.

* “For thy spiritual beautie and excellencie there was no worldly treasure to be compared unto thee.”—Marginal note.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O, love ! be moderate ; allay thy ectacy ;
In measure rain thy joy ; scant this excess :
I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

BASSANIO. What find I here ?

[Opening the leaden casket]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! what demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? move, these eyes ?
Or whither, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs ; but her eyes !—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd ; yet, look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far, this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.

The "giver" comes to receive, being invited, and "without all contradiction," coming, obtains much more than the receiver.

The Fountaine.

"We waite for thy loving-kindnesse O God in the mids of thy Temple. O God, according unto thy Name, so is thy praise unto the world's end : thy right hand is full of righteousnesse."—*Psalme* xlvi. 9, 10.

"The lot is cast into the lappe : but the whole disposition thereof *is* of the Lord."—*Proverbs* xvi. 33.

"This was the Lord's doing, *and* it is marvellous in our eyes."—*Psalme* cxviii. 23.

"The Lord looketh downe from heaven, and beholdeth all the children of men. From the habitation of his dwelling he beholdeth al them that dwel in the earth. He fashioneth their hearts, every one, and understandeth all their works."—*Psalme* xxxiii. 13, 14.

("We walke by fayth, and not by sight.")—*2 Corinthians* v. 7.

"Let him kisse mee with the kisses of his mouth."
—*Song* i. 1.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BASSANIO. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

“You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ;
[Kissing her]
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice, fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

When the believer in the promised life would render to the Promiser due service, "ten thousand times more" than is possible, it would not satisfy him: What once was bright fades out of sight, while what was blank shines with entrancing splendour.

The Fountaine.

"The eyes of the seeing shall not bee shut, and the eares of them that heare shall hearken and the heart of the foolish shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stutters shall bee ready to speake distinctly. A niggard shall no more be called liberall, nor the churle, rich: but the niggard will speake of niggardnesse, and his heart will worke iniquitie and doe wickedly and speake falsely against the Lord, to make empty the hungry soule, and to cause the drinke of the thirstie to faile, for the weapons of the churle *are* wicked: hee deviseth wicked counsels to undoe the poore with lying wordes, and to speake *against* the poore in judgement."—*Isaiah* xxxii. 3-8.

"For ye know of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he being rich, for your sakes became poore that ye through his poverty might be made rich."—*2 Corinthians* viii. 9.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand
Such as I am : though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same, myself,
Are yours, my lord.

The token of faithfulness is a ring of pure gold, attesting the sumptuous gift to be binding alike on giver and receiver.

The Fountaine.

“And Pharoah took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph’s hand, and arayed him in garments of fine linnen, and put a golden chaine about his necke.”—*Genesis* xli. 42.

“The King tooke off his ring . . . and gave it unto Mordecai . . . and Mordecai went out from the King in royal apparell of bleu and white and with a great crowne of gold, and with a garmente of fine linnen and purple, and the citie of Shushan rejoyced and was glad.”—*Esther* viii. 2–15.

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”—*S. Matthew* v. 8.

“The people were astonied at his doctrine.”—*S. Matthew* vii. 28.

“Much people heard him gladly.”—*S. Mark* xii. 37.

“Be thou faithful unto *the* death, and I will give thee the crowne of life.”—*Revelation* ii. 10.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO. Madam, you have bereft me of all words :
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a belovéd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaséd multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

* * * * *

The passion of love is compassion. The test of love is as by fire, which expels every particle of dross. There will be nothing hidden or held back.

The Fountaine.

“Thou, O Lord art a pitifull God and mercifull, slow to anger, and great in kindnesse and trueth.”—*Psalme lxxxvi.* 15.

“Thy loving kindnesse *is* better than life: *therefore* my lips shall praise thee.”—*Psalme lxiii.* 3.

“I will marry thee unto mee for ever; Yea, I will marry thee unto mee in righteousnesse and in judgement, and in mercie and in compassion.”—*Hosea ii.* 19.

“*Let* love be without dissimulation.”—*Romans xii.* 9.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter SALERIO, *who gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

PORTIA. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO. O sweet Portia !
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means.

The trial of love is commonly of a very painful nature, but when *endured*, yields "peaceable fruit," in which all share who sympathise with hand or heart.

The Fountaine.

"Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God delivered thee."
—*Deuteronomie* xv. 15.

"(He that) hath restored the pledge to his debtor: hee that hath spoyled none by violence, but hath given his bread to the hungry and hath covered the naked with a garment and hath not given forth upon usurie neither hath taken any increase, but hath withdrawen his hand from iniquitie, and hath executed true judgement between man and man . . . and hath kept my judgement to deale truely, he is just, he shall surely live."—*Ezekiel* xviii. 7-9.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."
—*Ephesians* iii. 19.

"Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."—*S. Marke* ix. 50.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BASSANIO. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALERIO. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke, at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

* * * * *

Although a large-hearted, uncalculating generosity dreams not of needing, or requiring a return, as an earnest and active soul in this life's journey can escape the common enemies, his good deeds are ever had in remembrance.

The fountaine.

(THE GRACE OF GOD.)

"The Barbarians showed us no little kindnesse: for they kindled a fire and received us everyone, because of the present showre and because of the cold. . . . The chiefe man of the Ile (whose name was Publius) had possessions. The same received us, and lodged us three dayes courteously."—*Acts* xxviii. 2-7.

"Be ye all of one mind: one suffer with another: love as brethren: be pitifull: be courteous."—*1 Peter* iii. 8.

"All the haire of your head are numbred."—*S. Matthew* x. 30.

"When thou walkest thorowe the very fire thou shalt not bee burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the holy one of Israel thy Saviour. I gave Egypt for thy ransome."—*Isaiah* xliii. 2, 3.

"Even the Sonne of Man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life for the ransome of many."—*S. Mark* x. 45.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO. For me, three thousand ducats.

PORTIA. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

To save a friend a man will freely hazard his own life, and when he knows that his present life is but the preface to life in the Lord of life he can cheerfully say, "I am arm'd and well prepar'd."

The Fountaine.

"They prevented me in the day of my calamitie: but the Lord was my stay."—*Psalme* xviii. 18.

"The liberall man will devise of liberall things and he will continue his liberalitie."—*Isaiah* xxxii. 8.

"Whosoever voweth a vowe unto the Lord, or sweareth an oath to binde himselfe by a bond, he shall not breake his promise,* *but* shall doe according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth."—*Numbers* xxx. 3.

"Anger is cruell and wrath is raging: but who can stand before envie?"—*Proverbs* xxvii. 4.

"Greater love than this hath no man, when any man bestoweth his life for his friends."—*S. John* xv. 13.

* Violate his word.—Margin.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

PORTIA. But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASSANIO. [*Reads*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

PORTIA. O love! despatch all business, and begone.

BASSANIO. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

* * * * *

The most expansive embodiment of good actions is, the charity of love—the love of charity—which claims no merit, and requires none. It embraces all incentives, unswayed by any “because.”

The fountaine.

“And when hee had made an end of speaking unto Saul, the soule of Jonathan was knit with the soule of David, and Jonathan loved him as his owne soule.”
—*I Samuel* xviii. 1.

“Delight thyselfe in the Lord and he shall give thee thine heart’s desire.”—*Psalme* xxxvii. 4.

“To them that thinke on good things, *shall* be mercie and trueth.”—*Proverbs* xiv. 22.

“Hee that is wise in his businesse, shall finde good, and hee that trusteth in the Lord, he is blessed.”
—*Proverbs* xvi. 20.

“Iron sharpeneth iron, so doeth man sharpen the face of his friend.

“As in water, face *answereth* to face, so the heart of a man to man.”—*Proverbs* xxvii. 17-19.

“While we have therefore time, let us doe good unto all men, but specially unto them which are of the houshold of faith.”—*Galatians* vi. 10.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

BELMONT. A room in the house of PORTIA.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, &c.LORENZO. Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

PORTIA. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord.

Modesty shrinks *from* the Satanic suggestion of self-approval. Trust in the honour of another begets honour in that other, and gives life to it.

The Fountaine.

“I hate vaine inventions: but thy Law doe I love.”
—*Psalme* cxix. 113.

“A gracious woman attaineth honor.”—*Proverbs* xi. 16.

“Let another man praise thee; and not thine owne mouth: a stranger, and not thine owne lips.”—*Proverbs* xxvii. 2.

“Joseph found favour in his (master’s) sight, and he served him: and he made him ruler of his house, and put all that he had in his hand.”—*Genesis* xxxix. 4.

“Vow and performe unto the Lord your God.”
—*Psalme* lxxvi. 11.

“When thou prayest enter into thy chamber: and when thou hast shut thy doore, pray unto thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”—*S. Matthew* vi. 6.

“Walke worthy of the vocation whereunto ye are called with all humblenesse of minde and meekenesse, with long suffering, supporting one another through love.”—*Ephesians* iv. 1, 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PORTIA. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hand
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa, here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide.

Noble natures shine with conspicuous lustre where there is "abundance of grace," for then 'noble self' is put under tribute, or discharged from office altogether.

The Fountaine.

"Behold we count them blessed which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have knowen what end the Lord *made*. For the Lord is very pitifull and mercifull."—*James* v. 11.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentlenesse, goodnesse, faith, meeknesse, temperancie."—*Galatians* v. 22, 23.

"Surely the rage of man shall turne to thy prayse: the remnant of the rage shalt thou restraine."—*Psalme* lxxvi. 10.

"Evil doers shal be cast off: they that wait upon the Lord, they shal inherit the land, therefore yet a little while, and the wicked shall not *appeare* and thou shalt looke after his place, and he shall not be *found* but meeke men shall possess the earth and shal have their delight in the multitude of peace."—*Psalme* xxxvii. 9-11.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VENICE. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the DUKE, the MAGNIFICOES,
ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SALANIO, &c.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

“With the merciful” God “will show himself merciful”—thus the merciful judge expresses his desire and hope that the Jew, who is apparently in possession of an irrevocable verdict to take the life of his bond, is invited to mercy for his own sake, and for the sake of all.

The Fountaine.

“If I have done wrong, or committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to dye.”—*Acts* xxv. 11.

“Therefore, be ye also ready.”—*S. Matthew* xxiv. 44.

“If a man bee just . . . and hath not given forth upon usurie, neither hath taken any increase . . . he shall surely live saith the Lord God.”—*Ezekiel* xviii. 5, 8, 9.

“As they regarded not to knowe God, *even so* God delivered them up unto a reprobate minde . . . being ful of all unrighteousnesse . . . covetousnesse, maliciousnesse, full of envie, of murther, of debate, of deceite, taking all things in the evill part, . . . haters of God, doers of wrong, proud, boasters, inventers of evill things . . . without natural affection, such as can never be appeesed, mercillesse (implacable).”—*Romans* i. 28-30.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALANIO. He's ready at the door. He comes, my
lord.*Enter SHYLOCK.*DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our
face :

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;

The cruel creditor, being one of God's chosen race, the judge fails not to recognize this, appealing to him as "trained to offices of tender courtesy," in sovereign distinction from "Turks and Tartars."

The Fountaine.

"Thus speaketh the Lord of hostes, saying, Execute true judgement, and shew mercie and compassion every man to his brother."—*Zechariah* vii. 9.

"Hee that is in miserie ought to be comforted of his neighbour: but men have forsaken the feare of the Almighty."—*Job* vi. 14.

"So I gave them up unto the hardnes of their heart and they have walked in their owne counsels."—*Psalme* lxxxii. 12.

"The wicked with pride doth persecute the poore: let them bee taken in the crafts that they have imagined.

"His mouth is full of cursing and deceit, and fraude: under his tongue is mischief, and iniquitie."—*Psalme* x. 2, 7.

"As the sparrow by flying, and the swallow by flying *escape*, so the curse causelesse shall not come."—*Proverbs* xxvi. 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DUKE. [*Continuing*] Glancing an eye of pity on
his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose ;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due, and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

* * * * *

The actions of those who pray have often a secret spring. It should be so at all times, and although it is, confessedly, not so, the Psalmist was commissioned to deliver the message, "Trust in him alway, ye people" (at all times).

This injunction, when obeyed, has ever had one witness, that feeble instruments exercise a power and perform wonders which put to confusion the most subtle designs of "the wise"; so two "unlettered girls" might be employed for the deliverance of the just; and Joan of Arc, an innkeeper's daughter, of Domremi, was so employed at Orleans, as was Esther at the Persian Court.

The Fountaine.

"Unto man he said Behold, the feare of the Lord is Wisedome."—*Job* xxviii. 28.

"Thy testimonies *are* wonderfull: therefore doth my soule keepe them. The entrance into thy words sheweth light *and* giveth understanding to the simple."—*Psalme* cxix. 129, 130.

"Wee labour and are rebuked, because wee trust in the living God which is the Saviour of al men, specially of those that beleeve. . . . Let no man despise thy youth."—1 *Timotheus* iv. 10, 12.

"Hadassah (joy), that is Ester (secret), a *Jewish orphan*, was brought also unto the King's house" . . . "and the maide pleased him, *but* Ester shewed not her people and her kindred. . . . And y^e King Ahashuerosh, said unto Queene Ester, and to Mordecai the Jewe, Beholde, I have given Ester the house of Haman whom they have hanged upon the tree because he layd hand upon the Jewes."—*Ester* ii. 7, 9, 10; viii. 7.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA. From both, my lord. Bellario greets
your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

* * * * *

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?NERISSA. He attendeth here, hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court will hear Bellario's letter.

Bellario's letter offers a graceful tribute of gratitude for sympathy in sickness from the young advocate. This appeals to the judge in a very effective manner, reciting good reason for the lawyer's acceptance by him, commending and recommending his youthful friend as equal to the difficult occasion of thwarting evil intent, and doing good without injury to the laws of Venice.

The Fountaine.

"We must needs die, and *we are* as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up againe: neither doth God spare any persons; yet doeth hee appoint meanes not to cast out from him, him that is expelled."
—2 *Samuel* xiv. 14.

"I was sicke and ye visited me."—*Matthew* xxv. 36.

"While yee have light, beleeve in the light, that yee may bee the children of the light. These things spake Jesus."—*John* xii. 36.

"Walke in love."—*Eph.* v. 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BELLARIO'S *letter*. [CLERK *reads*.]

“Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick ; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me, a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Belthazar.

“I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned over many books together ; he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.”

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

In this Venetian enquiry is set forth a good example of "mercy rejoicing against judgment." There is no special pleading, but a plain admission of death due to the law, without any attempt to evade it. Judgment is therefore demanded.

The Fountaine.

"Arise O God maintaine thine owne cause, remember thy dayly reproach by the foolish man."—*Psalme lxxiv. 22.*

"The Lord is slow to anger, but *he is* great in power, and will not surely cleare *the wicked*. . . .

"Who can stand before his wrath? His wrath is powred out like fire, and the rocks are broken by him. The Lord is good, *and* as a stronghold in the day of trouble, and hee knoweth them that trust in him."—*Nahum i. 3, 6, 7.*

"Many sorrowes *shall* come to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercie shall compasse him."—*Psalme xxxii. 10.*

"All the pathes of the Lorde *are* mercy and trueth unto such as keepe his couenant and his testimonies."—*Psalme xxv. 10.*

"Mercy rejoyceth against judgement."—*James ii. 13.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

DUKE. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

PORTIA. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA. I am informéd thrughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

[*To ANTONIO*]

You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;

The Fountaine.

“If thou poure out thy soule to the hungry and refreshe the troubled soule: then shall thy light spring out in the darkenesse, and thy darknesse *shall be* as the noone day. And the Lorde shall guide thee continually.”
—*Isaiah* lviii. 10, 11.

“Prayse the Lord your God for ever and ever, and let them praise thy glorious Name O God which excelleth above all thanksgiving and praise.”—*Nehemiah* ix. 5.

“If righteousnesse *bee* by the Lawe, then Christ died without a cause.”—*Galatians* ii. 21.

“Be ye courteous one to another, and tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ’s sake, forgave you.”—*Ephesians* iv. 32.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PORTIA. [*Continuing*] It blesseth him that gives
and him that takes :

'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.* I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

* "Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish."—*King Richard III.*,
Act I., Scene IV.

The Fountaine.

“Oughtest not thou also to have had pitie on thy fellowe, even as I had pitie on thee?”—*Matthew* xviii. 33.

“His mischief shall returne upon his owne head, and his crueltie shall fall upon his owne pate.”—*Psalme* vii. 16.

“O Lord God the Avenger, O God the Avenger, show thy selfe clearely.”—*Psalme* xciv. 1.

“Take heed what thou doest for this man (Paul) is a Romane.”—*Acts* xxii. 26.

“Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord : for hee hath delivered the soule of the poore from the hand of the Wicked.”—*Jeremiah* xx. 13.

“Skinne for skinne and all that ever a man hath, will he give for his life.”—*Job* ii. 4.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head: I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

At this point our Reading may consistently close. A brilliant example of magnanimous behaviour under great trial and provocation.

A gracious spirit in the characters of Portia, Bassanio, and Antonio is conspicuous throughout.

For the curious, who are unacquainted with the whole story, it may be related that the Advocate, while arguing the necessity of justice being done in strict regard of the laws of Venice, challenges the possibility of the execution of the sentence.

The Jew had claimed the bond. Becoming alarmed, he now elects not to hazard the shedding of blood, or of taking more or less than the exact weight—one pound of flesh—either of which is excluded from the bond. He would then accept the munificent offer he had refused, of thrice the amount of his claim. It is too late. He has brought the penalty of death upon his own head by seeking, as an alien, the life of a citizen of Venice for which his own life is forfeit to the State, and may only be remitted by the overruling compassion of the reigning Duke, who exercises it by commutation of the sentence in confiscation of the Jew's earthly possessions—half to the State, and the remaining moiety to the debtor, the money due, tendered by a friend, having been refused. "He sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind."

THE END.

MILTON IN L'ALLEGRO.

WHEN to the well-trod stage, anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on;
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes, wild.

An Epitaph on the Admirable W. S.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones
 The labour of an age in piléd stones?
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
 For, whilst to th' shame of slow endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines, with deep impression, took,
 Then thou, our fancy, of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON.

SHAKSPEARIANA.

SHAKSPEARIANA.

"THE AGE OF ELIZABETH was distinguished by the translation of the Bible.

"The hearts of the people burnt within them."

HAZLITT.

"Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
 And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
 What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
 Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
 And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
 The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
 That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming—'T was the Lord !
 Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say ?
 Did they not burn within us by the way ?'"

COWPER.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

OF

SHAKSPEARE

CANON AINGER *says* :—

“He portrayed the deepest passions of life by virtue of his immense force of sympathy. You will understand to what I point.”—*Sermons*, p. 305.

The Fountaine.

GENEVAN VERSION,

Edition 1606.*

“Enter not into temptation.”—*Matthew* xxvi. 41.

* The Genevan Version dates from 1559 to 1620—nine years after 1st Edition of A.V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

1604.

DUKE. If our virtues
Did not go forth of us 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues ('for high purposes').

J. P. C.
(Act I. Scene I.)

* * * * *

ANGELO. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

* * * * *

ESCALUS. Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
(Act II. Scene I.)

ISABELLA. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made !

* * * * *

ANGELO. He must die to-morrow.

ISABELLA. To-morrow !
Good, good, my lord, bethink you !
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?

(Act II. Scene II.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The almightiness of the God-man is displayed in healing and forgiveness.
The Christ is seen in meekness.

The Fountaine.

“Rebuke hath broken mine heart, and I am full of heaviness, and I looked *for some* to have pity *on me*, but there was none.”—*Psalme* lxix. 20.

“Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation, and thy right hand hath stayed me, and thy loving kindness hath caused me to increase.”—*Psalme* xviii. 35.

“Take my yoke on you, and learne of me, that I am meeke and lowly in heart.”—*Matthew* xi. 29.

“The sonne of man is not come to destroy men’s lives but to save them.”—*Luke* ix. 56.

“I say unto you love your enemies ; blesse them that curse you ; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which hurt you, and persecute you.”—*Matthew* v. 44.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ANGELO. Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

* * * * *

ISABELLA. O ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

* * * * *

Man, proud man !

Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep ;

* * * * *

Great men may jest with saints : 't is wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.

* * * * *

ANGELO. Come again to-morrow.

ISABELLA. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,
turn back.

ANGELO. How ! bribe me ?

* * * * *

ISABELLA. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise.

(Act II. Scene II.)

Testimony.

“William Collins, * whose genius in some particulars discovered a strong affinity to that of Shakspeare himself, after eulogising the female characters of Fletcher, adds :—

‘But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone.’

“The feelings of his mind produced correspondent feelings in the minds of others; like a precious stone, which casts its brilliant hues over every object that approaches it.

“Shakspeare will be found pre-eminent if we consider his sublimity, his pathos, his imagination, his wit, or his humour. . . .

“To combine all as he has done in one tremendous intellect is indeed—

‘To get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!’”

H. NEELE.

* William Collins was born 1720, deceased 1756.

RICHARD II.

KING RICHARD II.

The fountaine.

“The Lord God also made the man of the dust of the ground.”—*Genesis* ii. 7.

“Remember, I pray thee, that thou hast made mee, as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into the dust againe?”—*Job* x. 9.

“For we must needs die, and *we are* as water spilt on the ground, which cannot bee gathered up againe : neither doeth God spare any person, yet doeth he appoint meanes not to cast out from him, him that is expelled.”—*2 Samuel* xiv. 14.

“But now O Lord, thou art our Father. We are the clay, and thou art our potter, and we are all the worke of thine hands.”—*Isaiah* lxiv. 8.

KING RICHARD II.

(1597.)

KING RICHARD. Let's choose executors, and talk
of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposéd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court.

* * * * *

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

(Act III. Scene II.)

KING RICHARD II.

The Fountaine.

“Jesus sayd, Suffer the litle children and forbid them not to come to me: for of such is the kingdome of heaven.”—*Matthew* xix. 14.

“It is easier for a camel to go thorow the eye of a needle, then for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of God.”—*Mark* x. 25; also *Luke* xviii. 16, 25.

“And the king lamented over Abner, and sayd, Died Abner as a foole dieth?

“Thine hands were not bound, nor thy feete tied in fetters of brasse; *but* as a man falleth before wicked men, so didst thou fall.”—2 *Samuel* iii. 33, 34.

KING RICHARD II.

KING RICHARD. 'Thoughts,'

* * * * *

The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself
 Against the word :
 As thus—"Come, little ones"; and then again,
 "It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride !

* * * * *

[EXTON *strikes the King.*

Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath, with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

(Act V. Scene V.)

Parallel Testimony.

EDITH. God help me ! I know nothing—can but pray
For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

(*Harold.* Act III. Scene II.)

* * * * *

CECIL. It never will be merry world in England
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

ALICE. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

TENNYSON.

(*Queen Mary.* Act V. Scene V.)

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

May we not join our Poet here, and hear him say, 'As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,' musiog, as he laid him down to rest? Yes, and we may follow him to the morning light and to the resurrection morn, for we shall meet him there. It was in his Stratford home that 'he entertained preachers'; and we may sing with him—

"For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my Rose: in it thou art my all."

The Fountaine.

"Joseph of Aramathea, an honourable councellour, which also looked for the kingdom of God came and went in boldly unto Pilate and asked the body of Jesus, and Pilate marvelled if he were already dead, called unto him the centurion and asked of him whether he had benee any while dead. And when hee knew *the trueth* of the centurion he gave the body to Joseph. Who brought a linen cloth and tooke him downe and wrapped him in the linen cloth and layde him in a tombe, that was hewen out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the doore of the sepulchre. And Mary Magdalene and Marie, Joses *mother* beheld where he should be laid."—*Mark xv. 43-47.*

"Early in the morning, the first day of the weeke, they came unto the sepulchre when the sun was yet rising. They went into the sepulchre and sawe a young man sitting at the right side. And they were afraid. He said unto them Be not afraid: yee seeke Jesus of Nazaret which hath bene crucified, he is risen; he is not here. Go your way and tell his disciples and Peter that he will goe before you into Galile."—*Mark xvi. 2, 5, 7.*

KING HENRY IV.

PART I. (1594.)

KING. Therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldiers now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impresséd and engag'd to fight ;
* * * * in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

(Act I. Scene I.)

* * * * * *

KING (*of Hotspur*). His great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.

(Act III. Scene II)

* * * * * *

HOTSPUR. O gentlemen ! the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

(Act V. Scene II.)

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

The Fountaine.

“Ye cannot tell what shall bee to-morrow.”—*James*
iv. 14.

“Blessed is he that hath the God of Jaakob for his
helpe, whose hope *is* in the Lord his God.”—*Psalme*
cxlvi. 5.

“And herein I endeavor myselfe to have alway a cleare
conscience toward God and toward men.”—*Acts* xxiv. 16.

“Behold, this day thine eyes have seene that the Lord
had delivered thee this day into mine hand in the cave
and some bade me kill thee, but I had compassion on
thee and said, I will not lay mine hand on my master
for he is the Lord’s anointed.”—*1 Samuel* xxiv. 2.

“Forgive and ye shal be forgiven.”—*Luke* vi. 37.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

HOTSPUR. And if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

HOTSPUR. Now, *Esperance!** Percy ! and set on !
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy. (Act V. Scene III.)

* * * * *

HOTSPUR. O Harry ! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
Percy, thou art dust. [*Dies.*]

PRINCE H. Fare thee well great heart !

* * * * *

This earth that bears thee, dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

(Act V. Scene IV.)

* * * * *

[*To PRINCE JOHN*]

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

(Act V. Scene V.)

* The motto of the Percys. "*Esperance en Dieu.*"

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

Parallel Testimony.

KING HEZEKIAH.

“How short is human life ; the very breath
 Which frames my words accelerates my death.
 * * * * * *
 What—have these eyes ne'er seen the felon worm
 The damask cheek devour, the finish'd form ?
 On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed
 And riot on the lip so lately red ?
 Where are our fathers? Where th' illustrious line
 Of holy prophets and of seers divine?”

HANNAH MORE. *Hezekiah.*

KING HENRY IV.

SECOND PART.

KING HENRY IV.

SECOND PART.

The Fountaine.

“The feare of the Lord *is* the instruction of wisdom: and before honor *goeth* humility.”—*Proverbs* xv. 33.

“It is a man’s honor to cease from strife.”—*Proverbs* xx. 3.

“Put them in remembrance that they be subject to the principalities and powers.”—*Titus* iii. 1.

“If I honour myselfe, mine honour is nothing worth: it is my Father that honoureth mee, whom ye say that he is your God.”—*John* viii. 54.

“The Sonne of man came not to be served but to serve and to give his life for the ransome of many.”—*Matthew* xx. 28.

“If I have done wrong or committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to dye.”—*Acts* xxv. 11.

“He humbled himselfe, and became obedient unto the death even the death of the crosse.”—*Philippians* ii. 8.

KING HENRY IV.

SECOND PART.

CHIEF JUSTICE. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd
rightly
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No! * * * *
You are right, Justice ; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword ;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
“ Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.” You did commit me,
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unstain'd sword that you have used to bear ;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.

(Act V. Scene II.)

Testimony.

“Shakspeare’s reputation,” says Henry Neele,* “is extensive as the world and imperishable as humanity.

“The fame of Shakspeare has naturally suggested an enquiry as to the peculiar powers of that mind which could acquire such an influence over the minds of others.

“What was the talisman that worked these wonders? Wherein did he surpass that world which has paid him such extraordinary honours?† . . . His wit, his imagination, his sublimity, have all been suggested as the distinguishing characteristics of his mind. . . . In these particulars he excelled the rest of the world. . . .

“To descend with Shakspeare is a loftier occupation than to rise with other writers.”

* Henry Neele was a solicitor, but more and better known as a rapidly rising and enthusiastic poet. Born 1798, deceased 1828.

† In that his noble and beautiful intellect was stored with the abounding eloquence and superhuman poetry of the sacred writings, to the study of which he gave not only his powerful mind but all his heart.—ED.

KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY V.

The Fountaine.

“Jesus came into Galile preaching the Gospel of the Kingdome of God and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdome of God is at hand: repent and believe the Gospel.”—*Marke* i. 14, 15.

“I abhorre *myselfe*, and repent in dust and ashes.”
—*Job* xlii. 6.

“Though your sinnes were as crimson, they shall bee made white as snowe: though they were redde like scarlet, they shall be as wool.”—*Isaiah* i. 18.

“The race is not to the swift nor the battell to the strong.”—*Ecclesiastes* ix. 11.

“Thou hast covered mine head in the day of battell.”
—*Psalme* cxl. 7.

“My soule praise thou the Lord, and forget not all his benefits.”—*Psalme* ciii. 2.

KING HENRY V.

KING [*in camp*]. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
hearts :

Possess them not with fear : take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposéd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them ! Not to-day, O Lord !
O ! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I, Richard's body have interréd new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forcéd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood : . . .

* * * * *

More will I do :

Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. (Act IV. Scene I.)

* * * * *

KING. He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster
Be . . . remember'd.

Act IV. Scene III.)

KING HENRY V.

The Fountaine.

PSALME xxi. 1-13.

“The King shall rejoyce in thy strength, O Lord : yea,
how greatly shall hee rejoyce in thy salvation.

“Bee thou exalted O Lord, in thy strength : so will
wee sing, and praise thy power.”

KING HENRY V.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

KING. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away :
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !

(Act IV. Scene III.)

* * * * *

Enter MONTJOY.

MONT. The day is yours.

KING. Praiséd be God, and not our strength, for it !
What is this Castle call'd, that stands hard by ?

MONT. They call it Agincourt.

KING. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.

(Act IV. Scene VII.)

* * * * *

*Enter an ENGLISH HERALD with lists of the slain, after
the battle.*

KING. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

HERALD. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French.

KING. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain :

* * * * *

Where is the number of our English dead ?

[HERALD *presents another paper.*

Edward, the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam Esquire :

None else of name, and of all other men

But five and twenty.

(Act IV. Scene VIII.)

KING HENRY V.

The Fountaine.

“They inherited not the land by their owne sword, neither did their owne arme save them, but thy right hand and thine arme.”—*Psalme* xliv. 3.

“When Gideon heard the dreame tolde he worshipped and said, Up; for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian.”—*Judges* vii. 15.

“Feare not, neither bee afraid for the King of Asshur neither for all the multitude that is with him. . . . With him is an arme of flesh, but with us *is the* Lord our God for to help us, and to fight our battles.”—*2 Chronicles* xxxii. 7, 8.

KING HENRY V.

KING. O God ! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part, and on th' other ? take it, God,
For it is only thine !

EXETER. 'T is wonderful !

KING. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

FLUELLEN. Is it not lawful, an please your
majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

KING. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.
Do we all holy rites :
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais ; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

(Act IV. Scene VIII.)

Parallel Testimony.

KING DARIUS. My heralds, haste
 And spread my royal mandate through the land,
 That all my subjects bow the ready knee
 To Daniel's God—for He alone is Lord.
 Let all adore and tremble at His name
 Who sits in glory unapproachable
 Above the heav'ns—above the heav'n of heav'ns !
 His power is everlasting ; and His throne,
 Founded in equity and truth, shall last
 Beyond the bounded reign of time and space
 Through wide eternity ! With His right arm
 He saves, and who opposes ?

* * * * *

ARASPES. O friend ! O Daniel !
 No wav'ring doubts can ever more disturb
 My settled faith.

DANIEL. To God be all the glory !

HANNAH MORE. *Daniel.*

* * * * *

“ Pious Sovereigns are at all times the richest boon
 which Heaven can bestow on a country.” H. M.

“ Go forth great King, claim what thy birth bestows
 Conquer the Gallic Lily which thy foes
 Dare to usurp ;—thou hast a sword to wield,
 And heaven will crown the right.”

Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V.

W. WORDSWORTH.

KING HENRY VI.

SECOND PART.

KING HENRY VI.

SECOND PART.

The Fountaine.

“Kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the world : . . . let them praise the name of the Lord : for his name onely is to bee exalted.”—*Psalme* cxlviii. 11–13.

“Blessed *are* the peacemakers.”—*Matthew* v. 9.

“Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort.”—2 *Corinthians* i. 3.

“The Lorde shall guide thee continually.”—*Isaiah* lviii. 11.

“The Lord was my stay . . . surely thou art my light O Lord, and the Lord will lighten my darknesse.”—2 *Samuel* xxii. 19–29.

“Thy Word is a lanterne unto my feete, and a light unto my path.”—*Psalme* cxix. 105.

KING HENRY VI.

SECOND PART. (1595.)

KING. Welcome, Queen Margaret :
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness ;
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

(Act I. Scene I.)

* * * * *

KING. O pr'ythee peace,
 Good queen : and whet not on these furious peers,
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

(Act II. Scene I.)

* * * * *

KING. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

(Act II. Scene I.)

* * * * *

KING. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloster. Ere
 thou go,
 Give up thy staff : Henry will, to himself
 Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet :
 And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd
 Than when thou wert protector to thy King.

(Act II. Scene III.)

KING HENRY VI.

SECOND PART.

The Fountaine.

“Abimelech hired vain and light fellows which followed him . . . and slew his brethren about seventy persons . . . a certaine woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech’s head and brake his brainepan.”—*Judges* ix. 4-53.

“His servants arose and wrought treason and slew Joash.”—2 *Kings* xii. 20.

“They wrought treason against (Amaziah) and he fled to Lachish ; but they sent after him to Lachish, and slew him there.”—2 *Kings* xiv. 19.

“Pilate sayde unto them shall I crucifie your King ?

“The high Priests answered,

“We have no king but Cesar. Then delivered hee him unto them to be crucified.”—*John* xix. 15, 16.

KING HENRY VI.

SECOND PART.

EARL OF WARWICK. As surely as my soul intends
to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-faméd duke.

(Act III. Scene II.)

* * * * *

KING. What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he, but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

(Act III. Scene II.)

KING. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners, all.

(Act III. Scene III.)

LORD SAY. Ah ! countrymen, if when you make
your prayers

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?

(Act IV. Scene VII.)

Testimony.

PORTRAIT.

“Descriptions of Shakespeare’s person credit him with an augustness of aspect, a loftiness of forehead, a mild countenance, a sweet mouth, and a deep look. He wore a brown beard, and had a noble appearance. . . .

“He had already, in 1612, returned to Stratford, whither he seems now to have finally retired. We have few traces of him there, but these suffice to show him as a busy man, whose help and counsel were valued by his neighbours.

“He went backward and forward to London, and was engaged in some questions touching the enclosures of common lands. He seems also to have attended juries, and entertained preachers at ‘Newe Place.’”

‘All the Year Round.’

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART.

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART.

The fountaine.

“I am not able to beare all this people alone: for it is too heavie for mee.

“Therefore, if thou deale thus with me, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thy sight, kill mee, that I behold not my miserie.”—*Numbers xi. 14, 15.*

“Oh, that I might have my desire and that God would graunt me the thing that I long for! That is, that God would destroy me.”—*Job vi. 8, 9.*

“It is now enough, O Lord, take my soule, for I am no better then my fathers.”—*1 Kings xix. 4.*

“Mine heart trembleth within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me: Feare and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible feare hath covered me. And I said, O that I had wings like a dove: then would I flie away and rest. Behold, I would take my flight farre off and lodge in the wilderness.”—*Psalme lv. 4-6.*

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART.

KING. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind :
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better, then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd ;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory ;
For Margaret, my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?

(Act II. Scene V.)

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART.

The Fountaine.

“Better *is* a little in the feare of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.”—*Proverbs* xv. 16.

“Better is an handfull with quietnesse, than two handfulls with labour and vexation of spirit.”—*Ecclesiastes* iv. 6.

“My people shal dwel in the tabernacle of peace and in sure dwellings, and in safe resting-places.”—*Isaiah* xxxii. 18.

“They shall brake their swords into mattockes and their speares into sithes: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learne to fight any more. But they shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his figge tree, and none shal make them afraid.”—*Micah* iv. 3.

“Let your conversation be without covetousnes, and be content with those things that yee have: for he hath sayd, I will not faile thee, neither forsake thee.”—*Hebrews* xiii. 5.

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART.

KING. O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes, how they run :
 How many make the hour full, complete :
 How many hours bring about the day.

* * * * *

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O ! yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.

* * * * *

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates ;
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchéd in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

(Act II. Scene V.)

Testimony.

“Let us look into the scheme of his works, the play of Hamlet, for instance.

“Göethe found out, and has really made plausible to his readers, all sorts of harmonies in the structure of his plays with the nature of things, and we have realised in this way all that could be demanded of him. And what is still more excellent, I am sure that Shakspeare himself had no conception at all of any such meaning in his poem, he had no scheme of the kind.

“He would just look into the story, his noble mind the serene depths of it, would look in on it as it was by nature, with a sort of noble instinct, and in no other way. If he had written a criticism upon it he would not at all have said what Göethe said about it.

“And thus when we hear of so much said of the art of any great writer, it is not *art* at all, it is properly *nature*.”

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lectures, 1838.

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KING RICHARD III.

KING RICHARD III.

The Fountaine.

(Elisha) "Said to the Elders, see yee not how this murtherer's sonne hath sent to take away mine head? Take heede, when the messenger commeth, *and* shut the doore, and handle him roughly at the doore."—2 *Kings* vi. 32.

"And Jesus said, thou shalt not kil."—*Matthew* xix. 18.

"Ye are of your father the devill, and the lusts of your father ye will doe: hee hath beene a murtherer from the beginning."—*John* viii. pt. 44.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a manslayer; and ye know that no manslayer hath eternall life abiding in him."—1 *John* iii. 15.

KING RICHARD III.

DUKE OF CLARENCE. I charge you, as you hope
to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

FIRST MURDERER. What we will do, we do upon
command.

SECOND MURDERER. And he that hath com-
manded, is our king.

CLARENCE. Erroneous Vassals! the great King
of kings
Hath in the table of His law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder. . . .
Take heed. (Act I. Scene IV.)

* * * * *

KING EDWARD. You peers, continue this united
league:
I, every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

* * * * *

Take heed, you dally not before your king ;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood and award
Either of you to be the other's end. (Act II. Scene I.)

* * * * *

HASTINGS. O momentary grace of mortal men
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
(Act III. Scene IV.)

Testimony.

“In Shakspeare only every wealth is found.”—*Poems*, 1845.

“Above all, Shakspeare! and the epitome of the era of Elizabeth. . . . A voice from the innermost heart of Nature.—*An Universal Man*.

“There is no tone of feeling that is not capable of yielding melodious resonance to that of Shakspeare. . .

“In a word, if I were bound to describe him, I should be inclined to say that his intellect was far greater than that of any other man who has given an account of himself by writing books.

“The trace of intellect is more legible in him than in any other writer. . . .

“The greatest man is always a quiet man by nature; we are sure not to find greatness in a prurient noisy man. . . .

“It is now universally admitted that he must be regarded as the greatest person that has been produced in the literature of modern Europe.”

T. CARLYLE.

MACBETH.

MACBETH.

The Fountaine.

“Cursed be hee that smiteth his neighbour secretly. . . Cursed be hee that taketh a reward to put to death innocent blood : and all the people shall say : So be it.”—*Deuteronomie* xxvii. 24, 25.

“And Samuel said, As thy sword hath made women childlesse, so shall thy mother be childlesse.”—*1 Sam.* xv. 33.

“Why doest thou shew me iniquity, and cause me to behold sorrow ; for spoyling, and violence *are* before me : and there are that raise up strife and contention. Therefore the Lawe is dissolved, and judgement doth never go forth ; for the wicked doeth compasse about the righteous : therefore wrong judgement proceedeth.”
Habakkuk i. 3, 4.

MACBETH.

(1606.)

BANQUO. Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

(Act I. Scene III.)

* * * * *

Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
Gives way to, in repose!

(Act II. Scene I.)

* * * * *

MACDUFF [*to Malcolm*]. Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King: The Queen, that bare thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.

* * * * *

All my pretty ones!

Did you say all? . . . all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

* * * * *

Sinful Macduff!

They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am;
Not for their own demerits, but for mine.

(Act IV. Scene III.)

Testimony.

“In general there is a fervent sincerity in any matter he undertakes, by which one sees at once, as through a window, into the beautiful greatness of the soul of man. . . . AS TO HIS LIFE, *what a beautiful life was that, amid trials enough to break the heart of any other man.** Poverty, and a mean, poor destiny which, if he were an ambitious man, would have driven him mad, but he would not suffer himself to be subdued by it. And it was fortunate for us. If he had been suffered to live quietly in Warwickshire, his mind was so rich in itself, he would have found such ‘sermons in stones and good in every thing,’ that he would probably not have troubled the world at all with his productions.”†

T. CARLYLE.

* These emphases are by the hand of this editor.

† It may be observed how our great essayist accentuates the character that breathes in Shakspeare's sonnets.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

The Fountaine.

“And there were in the same countrey shepheards abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night because of their flocke.

“And loe, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glorie of the Lord shone about them, and they were sore afraide. Then the Angel said unto them, Bee not afraide : for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people : *that is*, that unto you is borne this day in the cite of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this *shal be* a signe to you, Ye shall find the child swadled, and layd in a cratch. And straightway there was with the Angel a multitude of heavenly souldiers, praying God, and saying, Glory *bee* to God in the high *heavens* and peace in earth, and towards men, good will. And it came to passe when the Angels were gone away from them into heaven, that the shepheards said one to another, Let us goe then unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to passe, which the Lord hath shewed unto us. So they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe layd in the cratch.”
Luke ii. 8-16.

HAMLET.

*(As it hath been acted in the two Universities of Cambridge
and Oxford, 1603.)**

MARCELLUS. Some say, that ever 'gainst that
season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.

(Act I. Scene I.)

* "Ring in the Christ."—TENNYSON.

The Fountaine.

“God *is* our hope and strength, *and* help, in troubles, ready to be found.”—*Psalme* xlvi. 1.

“Now at midnight, Paul and Silas prayed, *and* sung a *Psalme* unto God; *and* the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundation of the prison was shaken; and by and by all the doores opened, and every mans bands were loosed. Then the keeper of the prison waked out of his sleepe, and when hee saw the prison doores open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himselfe, supposing the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loude voyce, saying do thyselfe no harme: for wee are all here.”—*Acts* xvi. 25-28.

HAMLET.

HAMLET. O! that this too, too solid flesh would
melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem* the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!

(Act I. Scene II.)

* "Suffer."—*Rowe*. "Bring forth."—*Webster*.

The Fountaine.

“Rebekah said to Izhak, I am weary of my life . . . what availeth it me to live?”—*Genesis* xxvii. 46.

“They shall be taken with feare.”—*Psalme* xiv. 5.

“Mine heart trembleth within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Feare and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible feare hath covered me.”—*Psalme* lv. 4, 5.

“I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and fearfull day of the Lord.”*—*Malachi* iv. 5.

“Feare ye not them which kill the body, but are not able to kil the soule, but rather feare him, which is able to destroy both soule and body in hell.”—*Matthew* x. 28.

“Then he called for a light, and leaped in, and came trembling, and fell downe before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I doe to be saved? And they said beleeve in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine household.”—*Acts* xvi. 29, 30.

* This, Christ expoundeth of John Baptist.—Margin, G.V.

HAMLET.

HAMLET. To be, or not to be ; that is the question :—

Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep :—
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :

(Act III. Scene I.)

HAMLET.

The Fountaine.

“The word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision saying, Feare not, Abram I am thy buckler and thine exceeding great reward.”—*Gen.* xv. 1.

“Fret not thyselfe because of the wicked men, neither be envious for the evil doers, for they shall soone be cut downe like grasse and shall wither as the greene herbe.

“Trust thou in the Lord and do good: dwel in the land, and thou shalt be fed assuredly.

“And delight thyselfe in the Lord, and he shall give thee thine heart’s desire.”—*Psalme xxxvii.* 1-5.

“Feare thou not, O Zion: let not thine hands be faint. The Lord thy God in the middes of thee is mightie: he will save.”—*Zephaniah* iii. 16, 17.

“*Seeing we have an high Priest which is over the house of God, let us drawe neere with a true heart in assurance of faith, sprinkled in our hearts from an evill conscience, and washed in our bodies with pure water.*”
—*Hebrews* x. 21, 22.

HAMLET.

HAMLET [*continuing*]. For who would bear the
whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of *déspis'd* love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit, of the unworthy, takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

(Act III. Scene I.)

The Fountaine.

“They which shall be counted worthy to enjoy that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry wives, neither are married. For they can die no more, for as-much as *they are* equall unto the Angels, and are the sonnes of God, since they are the children of the resurrection.”—*Luke* xx. 35, 36.

HAMLET.

HAMLET. Go to ; I'll no more on't : it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit* HAMLET.]

OPHELIA. O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's—eye, tongue, sword :
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

(Act III. Scene I.)

The Fountaine.

“God is manifested in the flesh.”—1 *Timothy* iii. 16.

“He in no sort tooke the Angels, but he tooke the seede of Abraham.”—*Hebrews* ii. 16.

“Most great and precious promises are given unto us that by them ye should be partakers of the godly nature.”
—2 *Peter* i. 4.

“Howbeit, that *was* not first *made* which is spirituell but that *which is* natural, and afterward that *which is* spirituell.”—1 *Corinthians* xv. 46.

Testimony.

"RING IN THE CHRIST."—*Tennyson.*

"This all producing earth knows not the symmetry of the oak which springs from it. . . . Shakespeare is the best illustration we could have of what I am always talking about, consciousness and unconsciousness. The things great and deep in him, he seems to have no notion of."

CARLYLE.

(It is this unconsciousness of any worth, but consciousness of no worth, that prepares the soul for the gift of Christ.—EDITOR.)

SHAKSPEARIANA.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

(I.)

PARABLE—*The Talents.*

“ ‘*He that received one talent and digged in the earth and hid his Lord’s money.*’ How apt an image this, for the failing to use divinely-imparted gifts. . . . Compare Shakspeare—

“ ‘Heaven doth with us, as we, with torches, do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us ’t were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch’d
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor
Both thanks and use.’ ”

(*Measure for Measure.* Act I. Scene I.)

PARABLE—*The Sower.*

“ What influence the spirit of one man may exercise on the spirits of his fellows. While all words, even of men, which are better than mere breath, are as seeds, able to take root in their minds and hearts who hear them, have germs in them which only unfold by degrees: thus Shakspeare of a man of thoughtful wisdom—

“ ‘Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter’d not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear.’ ”

(*All’s Well that Ends Well.* Act I. Scene II.)

SHAKSPEARIANA.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

(II.)

PARABLES—*The Prodigal Son.*

“He will take his journey into a far country, even into that land where God is not. . . .

“Henceforth he is his own master, but only to find the truth of that line which Shakspeare wrote and to which so many, the poet himself included, have set their seal—

“‘Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.’

* * * * *

“We may picture the forlorn prodigal to ourselves as having sat long while upon the ground, for the earth presents itself as the natural throne of the utterly desolate. (Job ii. 8, 13.) So CONSTANCE, in *King John*—

“‘My grief’s so great
That no supporter but the huge, firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come, how to it.’”*

MIRACLES—*Bethesda.*

“The deceiver is deceived, as was Jacob (Gen. xxvii.—xxxvii.); the violator of the sanctities of family life is himself wounded, and outraged in his tenderest and dearest relations; the troubler is troubled. He has no choice but to say, as in *King Lear*—

“‘[EDGAR. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.]

EDMUND. Thou hast spoken right, ’tis true,
The wheel has come full circle! I am here.’”†

MIRACLES—*The Barren Fig-tree.*

“‘Why cumbereth it the ground?’ implies something more than that it occupied the room which might have been filled by another. Even so we have in Shakspeare—

“‘The noisome weeds that, without profit, suck
The soil’s fertility from wholesome flowers.’”

* *King John*. Act III. Scene I. † *King Lear*. Act IV. Scene III.

ENGLAND

(WARWICKSHIRE).

"Did Shakespeare . .

Absorb the light here?"

* * * * *

"Whoever loves true life, will love true love.

I learn'd to love this England."

* * * * *

As if God's finger *touch'd*, but did not *press*
 In making England,—such an up and down
 Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down;
 A ripple of land—such little hills, the sky
 Can stoop to, tenderly, and, the wheatfields, climb;
 Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
 Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
 And open pastures where you scarcely tell
 White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
 The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
 Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—
 I thought my father's land was worthy too
 Of being my Shakespeare's."

Aurora Leigh.—E. B. B.

Testimony.

T. F. BAYARD,* *at the Mansion House,*
March 2nd, 1897.

“He came to England feeling that there was a plain duty between all men who spoke the tongue of Shakspeare, and held the faith and morals that Milton held, to stand together . . . for the great purposes for which, he believed, under God, our Race had been intended. . . . He would not close without asking them to accept a line that had long dwelt with him :—

“ ‘When earth, as in an evil dream, looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of CHRIST outsprings from the red disc
of Mars,
His fame, who led the stormy van of battle, well may cease ;
But never that which crowns the man whose victory was
peace.’ ” †

(From the *Daily Telegraph*, March 3rd, 1897.)

* The HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, four years (1893-7) Ambassador from the United States of America to the Court of Great Britain.

† J. G. WHITTIER, on the death of Colonel W. F. Bartlett, U.S.A.

FROM BRYAN W. PROCTER'S

Eulogy of Shakspeare.

"Shakspeare was (and is) beyond all competition, the greatest Poet that the world has ever seen. He is greatest in general power, and greatest in style, which is a symbol or evidence of power. For the motion of verse corresponds with the power of the Poet; as the swell and tumult of the sea answer to the winds that call them up. From Lear down to Pericles there ought to be no mistake between Shakspeare and any other writer.

"We hold him to have been, 'not one but Legion!'

"He was a man eminently acute, logical, philosophical.

"His reasoning faculty was on a par with his imagination and pervaded all his works as completely. His 'Henry the Fifth' proved that he could argue a case with the precision of a lawyer. If we ourselves were desired to point to any one quality as predominant above the rest, we should be inclined to fix upon the infinite delicacy of *his* mind, which [with equal subtlety and judgment] defined the thousand shades and variety of human character,—all that lies between the good and the bad, the strong and the weak, the lofty and the low. Or, we might perhaps rest on that marvellous freedom from egotism, which enabled him to create so many beings (all with the true stamp of humanity upon them) without betraying a single touch of any humour or infirmity peculiar to himself. But we should do neither. For his great merit, as it appears to us, is, that he had no peculiar or prominent merit. His mind was so well constituted, so justly and admirably balanced, that it had *nothing in excess*.

"In 1616 Shakspeare died! and notwithstanding that much had been said of Ben Jonson's jealousy of that greatest of Poets, the noblest verses which were sent forth in the shape of an elegy, on his death, proceeded from Jonson's pen. . . . One of the best and sincerest things he ever wrote; alone enough to vindicate Shakspeare's memory from many of the calumnies that had so long beset his moral character." B. W. P.*

* BARRY CORNWALL.

A Selection
OF
SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS

Illustrated by the Sacred Word.

THAT the mind of our Poet was permeated with the Word of God, has, for many years, been clearly apparent to the author of this selection, which gathers together, in a concise form, his reflections from time to time, when, in the quietude of his home, he found freedom in his soul.

The reader will discover ample scope for meditation on them when, even on a journey, he can retire into himself. The text is that of the Bible of Shakspeare's own day—the Genevan Edition—which, Dr. Paterson Smyth tells us, “followed the ‘Great Bible’ (virtually Tyndale’s) of 1539, and ‘was the favourite of the people.’

“It was less cumbrous than the ‘Great Bible.’ The first to omit the Apocrypha . . . and to lay aside the old black letter for the present Roman type,* and to use italics for all words not occurring in the original.” †

* This change was not made until after the edition of 1610.

† “*How we got our Bible*,” by J. PATERSON SMYTH, B.D., LL.D.
(Samuel Bagster & Sons, Ltd.)

MEMORANDUM.

ON the eve of going to press Dr. Dowden's interesting volume unexpectedly came to hand, previously unheard of; and as it is an exhaustive undertaking to supply all possible human light for the intelligent reader, a few observations may be acceptable to the same, who lovingly desires to understand our Poet in his largest, and, confessedly, least perceived meanings.

He rose above the altitudes of earthly things even to the heavenly, and penetrated the mystery of the inspired records for himself. He "searched the Scriptures" not in vain: the veil he wrote under was the necessity of *the man, of his associations, and his times.*

The Professor has also said much in few words—

"My aim is to render Shakspeare's meaning clear."

* * * * *

"In the main his eye was fixed on the true ends of life."

* * * * *

"His Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person."

E. D.

The "Two loves," he had, "of comfort and despair" were Christ, his comfort, and himself, despair ; but his choicest figures in his purest embodiments, as well as in his saddest and most repulsive, are one unbroken allegory of truth.

Shakspeare's references to the Scriptures occur in his Dramas, with very few exceptions, and probably in more than a hundred places ; but with peculiar care and delicacy, he avoids quoting the text of Scripture, lest he should incur the reproof of or offend the clergy, and thus defeat his happy purpose of pointing to the Word of life. He therefore ingeniously endeavours to awaken the curiosity of the ignorant, and enliven the devout intelligence of Scripture readers, and all church members, by his method of application.

In his Poems he pursues an entirely different course ; abstaining from an open reference to Bible figures incident to its teaching, he breathes out spiritual truth in figurative language full of devout aspirations, presenting, out of his own secret experience, the corruption of the natural heart, and the discovered remedy in the new man, Christ Jesus ; faith in whom is the well-spring of a new life to every willing soul.

C. E.

The Poet's Faith in Christ

GLOWING IN HIS SONNETS, AFFIRMED IN HIS WILL.

“**W**ITHOUT straining too far lines in the Sonnets which appear to intimate his own mournful (?) sense of humiliation in his calling of player, the Age itself so austere refused to recognize the Stage as a school of morals or an ally of religion, that possibly Shakspeare, who so solemnly attests his Christian faith in the Will written a year before his death, might have had some humble doubts whether his mighty genius had conferred those vast benefits on mankind which are now recognized in the wisdom of its genial and comprehensive humanity. And thus, silent as to the works of his mind, he speaks but of the deathless nature of his soul—‘I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made.’”

BULWER-LYTTON.

SONNETS.

The Sonnet.

SONGS OF DEGREES.

THE condensed form of a complete poem in fourteen metrical lines is ever set before us in the Psalms "to be esteemed as a most precious treasure wherein all things are contained that appertaine to true felicitie."

Peculiarly those Psalms of David, fifteen in number, cxx. to cxxxiv. inclusive.

The G. V. translators, 1550-1620, say "'Song of degrees,' that is, of lifting up the tune, and rising in singing."

"Each successive Psalm," says John Wilson,* "is descriptive of a successive step" in approach to the Temple. For example, he adjusts Psalm cxxi. as given on the page facing this.

* *Ancient Israel*, by JOHN WILSON. Mimpres, Cheltenham, 1840.

The Sonnet.

Example from the Psalms of David.—*Psalms cxx.—cxxxiv.*

Psalme cxxi., G.V.

WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountaines
From whence mine help shall come
Mine helpe cometh from the Lord which hath made the
heaven and the earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to slip
For he that keepeth thee will not slumber
Behold he that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor
sleep.

The Lord *is* thy keeper :
The Lord *is* thy shadow at thy right hand
The sunne shall not smite thee by day
Nor the moone by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil
He shall keep thy soule :
The Lorde shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
From henceforth and for ever.

Sonnets.


“THE lover of genuine poetry may be referred to the Sonnets of Shakspeare as to an inexhaustible mine of most precious ore.” R. F. HAUSMAN.

“The Sonnets,” says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “are characterised by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre.”

NOTE.—As it can be said, so is it well to say that this selection of the Sonnets was made at a time when the selector was unacquainted with any other opinion upon them, and independent of any able discourses on their differing merits, influenced solely by the light illuminating them from the divine Word. C. E.

Sonnets.

W. WORDSWORTH (*Essay of Shakspeare*), expressing his own feelings
in his own person.

“NE of the most striking proofs of the almost omnipotent genius of Shakspeare is that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the Age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him. . . .

“I have no doubt in my own mind . . . some gross things were foisted in by the players. . . . How long may it be . . . before it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials . . . constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end? . . .

“There is not a part of the writings of this Poet, than in the SONNETS, where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed.”

“Stevens,” adds Wordsworth, “was insensible to their beauties, . . . and the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces.”

The Fountaine.

(TO SPENSER'S SONNET.)

“His body also *was* like the chrysolite and his face [to look upon] like lightning, and his eyes as lampes of fire, and his armes, and his feete *were* like in colour to polished brasse.”—*Daniel* x. 6.

“His head and haire *were* white as white wool, and as snow, and his eyes *were* as a flame of fire.”—*Revelation* i. 14.

“Turne away thine eyes from me : for they overcome mee.”—*Song* vi. 4.

“Mine eyes have seene thy salvation.”—*Luke* ii. 30.

“Blessed are your eyes for they see : and your eares for they heare.”—*Matthew* xiii. 16.

“Then spake Jesus againe unto them saying,

“I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walke in darkenesse.”—*John* viii. 12.

A Sonnet

FROM SPENSER'S "AMORETTI."

This sonnet is given on its own account, and to illustrate the like principle which was adopted by our Poet in the following selection. Spenser moved in the highest religious circle;—not so his great contemporary.

LONG while I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright ;
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light :
Not to the sun ; for they doo shine by night ;
Nor to the moone ; for they are changéd never ;
Nor to the starres ; for they have purer sight ;
Nor to the fire ; for they consume not ever ;
Nor to the lightning ; for they still perséver ;
Nor to the diamond ; for they are more tender ;
Nor unto crystall ; for nought may them sever ;
Nor unto glasse ; such baseness mought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

E. S.

The Life Work
OF
THE BARD OF AVON.

THE tenderest breathing of a faithful soul
“As ever in his great Task-master’s eye,”
Distilling fragrance in a golden bowl—
Incense, impatient for the throne on high ;
Rack’d with the cruel anguish of the strife,
Moaning upon this planet of affliction,
On which is daily borne the death of life
Even in summer time ! past contradiction :
Where could his penetrating orb have rest,
Seeking amongst the noblest, fairest forms
He gaz’d upon ? There is one only “best” ;
That blest embodiment, above the storms
Of earth, and there *he* found that Friend of man,
His great Redeemer—to HIM, Suffragan.

C. E.

SONNETS.

“The Fountaine of Life.”

GENEVAN VERSION

(EDITION 1610).

“Loo, the starre which they had seen in the East went before them till it came and stood over *the place* where the babe was, and when they saw the starre they rejoyced with an exceeding great joy.”—*Matthew* ii. 9, 10.

“I, Jesus am the bright morning starre.”—*Revelation* xxii. 16.

“Unto you that feare my name shal the sunne of righteousnes arise, and health *shal bee* under his wings.”—*Malachi* iv. 2.

“For the Lord God is the sunne and shield *unto us*; the Lord will give grace and glory: and no good thing will he withhold from them that walke uprightly.”—*Psalme* lxxxiv. 11.

“I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walke in darkenesse, but shall have the light of life.”—*John* viii. 12.

Sonnet *xiv.*

The Poet is no "star-gazer," but finds astronomy in the study of His perfections, who "made the stars also," that divine luminary around which revolve, in their orbits, light, truth, honour, wisdom, knowledge, and glory.

NOT from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Painting to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive
And (constant stars,) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert;
Or else of thee, this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.*

* "A man surpassing all the sons of men."

(Extract from the letter of Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, descriptive of the person of Christ.)

The Fountaine.

(this vine)—“Shall it prosper? Shall hee not pull up the rootes thereof and destroy the fruite thereof, and cause them to drie: all the leaves of her bud shall wither.”—*Ezekiel* xvii. 9.

“My moisture is turned into the drought of summer.”—*Psalm* xxxii. 4.

“The earth and the heavens . . . they all shall ware old as doeth a garment . . . but thou art the same, and thy yeeres shall not faile.”—*Hebrews* i. pts. 10, 11, 12.

“Every good giving and every perfect gift is from above, and commeth downe from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadowing by turning.”—*James* i. 17.

“His countenance as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; his mouth *is as* sweet things, and hee is wholly delectable.”—*Song* v. pts. 15, 16.

“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—*Colossians* iii. 3.

Sonnet xviii.

He trusts in the constancy and all-sufficiency of Christ for all good in this life, and in that life which is to come.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By subtle nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;*
Nor shall death brag, thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

* 'owest'—that is, 'ownest.'

"This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes"—(i.e. owns, Collier).

The Tempest, Act I. sc. 2, and elsewhere.

The Fountaine.

“Out of Zion, *which is* the perfection of beauty, hath God shined.”—*Psalme* l. 2.

“The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up with their families, and all the men that were with Korah, and all their goods ; but there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fiftie men that offered the incense.”—*Numbers* xvi. 32, 35.

“Oh that my people had hearkened unto me.”—*Psalme* lxxxii. 13.

“They thinke their houses *and* their habitations *shall continue* for ever, *even* from generation to generation, and call *their* lands by their names ; but man shall not continue in honour.”—*Psalme* xlix. 11, 12.

“But thou art the same and thy yeeres shall not faile.”—*Psalme* cii. 27.

“My soule, praise thou the Lord, and all that is within me *praise* his holy name . . . which forgiveth all thine iniquitie and healeth all thine infirmities ; which redeemeth thy life from the grave, and crowneth thee with mercie and compassions.”—*Psalme* ciii. 1, 3, 4.

“Jesus said unto her . . . whosoever liveth and beleeveth in me shall never die ; beleevest thou this? Shee said unto him yea, Lord, I beleeve that thou art the Christ the sonne of God.”—*John* xi. pts. 25, 26, 27.

“Thou hast shewed me the wayes of life, and shall make me full of joy with thy countenance.”—*Acts* ii. pt. 28.

Sonnet xix.

He is satisfied that for beauty and worth, Christ far exceeds all that can be possessed on earth : Christ, from his soul, can never be parted.

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her blood.
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweet'st.*
But I defy thee one most heinous crime :
O ! carve not with thy hours my Love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My Love shall in my verse ever live young.

* 'The fairest, sweet'st, and best.'—*Pericles*, Act IV. sc. 4.

The Fountaine.

“The heart is deceitfull and wicked above all things, who can know it? I, the Lord, search the heart.”—*Jeremiah* xvii. 9, 10.

“I will give them an heart to know me, that I am the Lord, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, for they shall returne unto me with their whole heart.”—*Jeremiah* xxiv. 7.

“A new heart also wil I give you, and a new spirit will put within you and I wil take away the stonie heart out of your body and I will give you an heart of flesh.”—*Ezekiel* xxxvi. 26.

“My sonne give me thine heart and let thine eyes delight in my wayes.”—*Proverbs* xxiii. 26.

“Thy people *shall come* willingly at the time of *assembling*; thine armie is holy beautie, the youth of thy wombe *shall bee* as the morning dewe.”—*Psalme* cx. 3.

“Create in me a cleane heart O God.”—*Psalme* li. 10.

“Master, if thou wilt thou canst make me cleane, and Jesus, putting forth his hand, touched him saying, I will, be thou cleane.”—*Matthew* viii. pts. 2, 3.

Sonnet xxii.

He has learned the deceitfulness of his own heart—he has given it over to his Lord, who has fulfilled His promise to give him a new heart. Thus his youth is renewed. All fluctuations in him are henceforth but a seeming of life—he has the heart of a new life and is resolved to keep it.

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate ;*
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will, †
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

* In his play of 'Richard the 3rd' the Poet uses the word 'expiate' exactly in the same sense, *i.e. terminate*.—J. P. C.

† This may be held to show the completeness of the attachment between the lover and the beloved one—Christ and the believer.

The fountaine.

“Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels; let now the astrologers, the starre-gazers and prognosticators stand up and save thee.”—*Isaiah* xlvi. 13.

(The Lord) “powreth contempt upon princes and maketh the strength of the mighty weake . . . they grope in the darke without light.”—*Job* xii. 21, pt. 25.

“Surely every man *in his best state* is altogether vanitie.”—*Psalme* xxxix. 5.

“And Joab the sonne of Zeruiah was over the hoste . . . and David’s sonnes were chiefe rulers.”—2 *Samuel* viii. 16-18.

“And King Salomon sent by the hand of Benaiah . . . and hee smote (Adonijah) that he died.

“Benaiah . . . went up and smote (Joab) and slew him.”—1 *Kings* ii. 25-34.

“I live by the faith in the sonne of God who hath loved mee and given himselfe for me.”—*Galatians* ii. pt. 20.

“We love him because he loved us first.”—1 *John* iv. 19.

Sonnet xxv.

He observes that all the favours of this world are transitory—he does not believe in being born under a lucky star—those in highest favour with princes are the least secure—the rewards of great hazards and high dangers in warfare are forfeited upon one reverse, but Christ's victory is final, and has secured enduring honour to his followers.

LET those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars
(Unlook'd for), joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But, as the marigold, at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they, in their glory, die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories, once foil'd
Is, from the book of honour razéd quite,
And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

The Fountaine.

“Behold I have caused thy iniquitie to depart from thee and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.”—*Zechariah* iii. 4.

“Friend how camest thou in hither and hast not on a wedding garment? and he was speechlesse.”—*Matthew* xxii. 12.

“He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father and I will love him and will shew mine owne selfe to him.”—*John* xiv. 21 (and xv. 9).

“Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.”—*John* xxi. 17.

“Sitting at the feete of Jesus, clothed and in his right minde.”—*Luke* viii. 35.

“Clothed upon that mortality might bee swallowed up of life.”—*2 Corinthians* v. 4.

Sonnet xxvi.

He looks up—he humbly dedicates his embodiment of devout aspirations and meditations to his heavenly Master—*his* own poverty is covered by His riches—in this alone he is worthy and takes courage.

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
Till then, not show my head, where thou may'st
prove me.

* * * * *

The Fountaine.

“In my bed by night I sought him that my soule loved; I sought him but I found him not.”—*Song* iii. 1.

“Thou didest say, woe is me now! for the Lord hath layd sorow unto my sorrow: I fainted in my mourning and I can finde no rest.”—*Jeremiah* xlv. 3.

“Bread-*corne*, when it is threshed, hee doeth not alway thresh it, neither doeth the wheele of his cart *still* make a noyse, neither will he breake it with the teeth thereof.”—*Isaiah* xxviii. 28.

“All his dayes are sorrowes and his travaile grieffe his heart also taketh not rest in the night.”—*Ecclesiastes* ii. 23.

“The Lord giveth sight to the blinde.”—*Psalme* cxlvi. 8.

“Then he tooke the blind by the hand.”—*Marke* viii. 23.

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, nor feare.”—*John* xiv. 27.

Sonnet xxvii.

Weary in the body, his soul would be set free to penetrate the great mysteries of faith and love, for where "mercy and truth are met together," there "righteousness and peace have kissed"—he remembers that Jesus "took the blind man by the hand," which made "black night beauteous" to him—there is "no quiet" out of Christ.

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work 's expired,
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see ;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

The fountaine.

“If I layd mee downe I said When shall I arise ; and measuring the evening I am even ful with tossing to and fro unto the dawning of the day.”—*Job* vii. 4.

“I crie by day but thou hearest not, and by night but have no audience.”—*Psalme* xxii. 2.

“I reckoned to the morning : but hee brake all my bones like a lion, from day to night wilt thou make an end of me . . . mine eyes were lift up on high : O Lord it hath oppressed me, comfort me.”—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 13, 14.

“O wretched man that I am.”—*Romans* vii. 24.

“His hands as rings of gold set with the chrysolite : his belly like white yvorie covered with saphirs.”—*Song* v. 14.

“Who (the Son of God) being the brightnesse of the glorie and the ingraved forme of his person and bearing up all things by his mightie word, hath by himselfe purged our sinnes and sitteth at the right hand of the Majestie in the highest places.”—*Hebrews* i. 3.

“Thou compassest my pathes and my lying downe and art accustomed to all my wayes . . . if I say, yet the darknesse shall hide me, even the night *shal be* light about me.”—*Psalme* cxxxix. 3-12.

Sonnet xxviii.

He longs for rest—he is in great distress, for day and night he cannot find it. Every endeavour only intensifies fatigue—he *invites* contemplation on the glories of the day—he *courts* the night with compliments, but all in vain!—his soul is not at ease—tranquillity and repose evermore flee from him

NOW can I then return in happy plight
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even:
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

The Fountaine.

“How long shall I take counsel within myselfe having wearinesse dayly in mine heart: . . . lighten mine eyes that I sleepe not in death.”—*Psalme* xiii. pts. 2, 3.

“My God my soule is cast downe within me.”—*Psalme* xlii. pt. 6.

“For I fretted at the foolish *when* I saw the prosperitie of the wicked.”—*Psalme* lxxiii. pt. 3.

“A small thing unto the just man is better then great riches to the wicked and mighty.”—*Psalme* xxxvii. 16.

“I waited patiently for the Lord and hee hath put in my mouth a new song of praise unto our God.”—*Psalme* xl. 1, 3.

“Then spake Jesus againe unto them saying I am the light of the world.”—*John* viii. 12.

“I rejoyce at thy word as one that findeth a great spoyle.”—*Psalme* cxix. 162.

“Rejoyce in the Lord alway: againe I say rejoyce.”—*Phil.* iv. 4.

“I will greatly rejoyce in the Lorde, *and* my soule shall be joyfull in my God for he hath clothed mee with the garments of salvation and covered me with the robe of righteousnesse.”—*Isaiah* lxi. pt. 10.

Sonnet xxix.

He has been tempted to envy the increase of others when he himself suffered decrease, but then turning his eyes off self and the world to his Lord, the gloom was quickly dispelled, and he is perfectly happy.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

The Fountaine.

“Woe is mee for thee my brother Jonathan : very kind hast thou beene unto me : and thy love to mee was wonderfull, passing the love of women.”—2 *Samuel* i. 26.

“The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken it : blessed be the name of the Lord.”—*Job* i. 21.

“They waited for mee as for the raine. . . . I appointed out their way, and did sit as chiefe, I dwelt as a king in the armie.”—*Job* xxix. 23 and 25.

“The first man *is* of the earth, earthly : the second man *is* the Lord from heaven : and as we have borne the image of the earthly ; so shall wee beare the image of the heavenly.”—1 *Corinthians* xv. 47 and 49.

“Thy portion *is* in the smooth stones of the river : they, they are thy lot” (they of the earth).—*Isaiah* lvii. 6.

“But unto you that feare my name shal the sunne of righteousnes arise, and health *shall* bee under his wings.”—*Malachi* iv. 2.

“I will turne their mourning into joy and will comfort them and give them joy for their sorrowes.”—*Jeremiah* xxxi. 13.

“When he (Jesus) had opened the booke, he found the place where it was written the spirit of the Lord *is* upon me because he hath anointed me : that I should preach the Gospel to the poore : hee hath sent me that I should heale the broken hearted, that I should preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blinde, that I should set at libertie them that are bruised.”—*Luke* iv. 17, 18.

Sonnet xxx.

Reflecting on the loss of departed earthly friends and past days of earthly enjoyment, he is sad ; but one look on his heavenly friend by faith, restores peace, and covers all.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes, new wail my dear time's waste,
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new-pay, as if not paid before :
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

The Fountaine.

“Ho every one that thirsteth, come yee to the waters.”
—*Isaiah* lv. 1.

“I sware unto thee and entred into a covenant with thee saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine.”—*Ezekiel* xvi. 8.

“Know ye not that all we which have bene baptized into Jesus Christ have bene baptized into his death : we are buried then with him, by baptisme into his death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also should walke in newnes of life.”—*Romans* vi. 3, 4.

“Likewise thinke yee also that yee are dead to sinne, but are alive to God in Jesus Christ our Lord.”—*Romans* vi. 11.

“That in the dispensation of the fulnes of the times hee might gather together in one all things, both which are in heaven and which are in earth, *even* in Christ.”—*Ephesians* i. 10.

“In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.”—*Colossians* ii. 3.

“Christ is all, and in all things.”—*Colossians* iii. 11.

Sonnet xxxi.

The lack of meekness (likeness to Christ) causes estrangement—this obliges to prayer, and then he discovers how constant is his Lord's love—all His servant's love is derived from Him—all that is worthy is due to Him, and to Him only.

THY bosom is endearéd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I loved, I view in thee
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

The fountaine.

“Joseph dreamed another dreame and told it his brethren, behold, the sunne and the moone and eleven starres did reverence to mee. . . .

“Now when Joseph was come unto his brethren they stript Joseph out of his coate, his particoloured coate . . . and they took him and cast him into a pit. . . .

“They . . . sold him unto the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.”—*Genesis xxxvii. 9, 23, 24, 28.*

“And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a man that prospered . . . and Joseph’s master tooke him and put him in prison but the Lord was with Joseph . . . and gat him favour in the sight of the Master of the Prison.”—*Genesis xxxix. 2, 20, 21.*

[“They held his feete in the stockes, and he was layd in yrons.”—*Psalme cv. 18.*]

“Then sent Pharaoh and called Joseph and they brought him hastily out of prison . . . moreover Pharaoh said to Joseph, behold, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt . . . and all countrys came to Egypt to buy corne of Joseph.”—*Genesis xli. 14, 41, 44, 57.*

“Then Joseph’s brethren came and bowed their faces to the ground before him.”—*Genesis xlii. 6.*

“Unto you that feare my Name shal the sunne of righteousnes arise, and health shall *bee* under his wings.”—*Malachi iv. 2.*

Sonnet xxxiii.

He acknowledges that his drooping faith and distraction have no excuse on God's behalf—he illustrates this in the quick changes in nature, but his Lord is ever gracious.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the fórlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing, unseen, to West with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now ;
Yet, him for this, my love, no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

The Fountaine.

"Hide not thy face from me in the time of my trouble."—*Psalme* cii. 2.

"A covering shal be for a shadow in the day for the heate and a place of refuge and a covert for the storme and for the raine."—*Isaiah* iv. 6.

"And when neither sunne nor starres in many dayes appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us all hope that wee should be saved was then taken away."—*Acts* xxvii. 20.

"What praise is it, if, when yee bee buffeted for your faults ye take it patiently; but and if when ye doe well ye suffer wrong and take it patiently, this is acceptable to God, for hereunto are ye called: for Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an ensample that ye should follow his steps; who did no sinne . . . by whose stripes ye were healed."—I *Peter* ii. 20-24.

"Who was delivered to death for our sinnes."—*Romans* iv. 25.

"In the dayes of his flesh (he) did offer up prayers and supplications with strong crying and teares unto him that was able to save him from death, and was also heard in that which he feared and though hee were the sonne, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered, and being consecrate was made the authour of eternall salvation unto all them that obey him."—*Hebrews* v. 7-9.

Sonnet xxxiv.

He is overtaken by disaster through his own incaution and unwatchfulness: he is out of humour with himself and is ashamed; he must hide his head in the bosom of his offended Lord; there he finds shelter, and all is well.

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face;
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace,
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss;
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

The Fountaine.

“For thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods, and have neede of nothing and knowest not how thou art wretched and miserable and poore and blinde and naked; I counsell thee to buy of me gold tried by the fire that thou mayest bee made rich.”—*Revelation* iii. 17.

“Let the brother of low degree rejoyce in that he is exalted, againe hee that is rich, in that hee is made lowe.”—*James* i. 9. 10.

“Who knoweth what is good for man in the life and in the number of the dayes of the life of his vanitie.”—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 2.

“Under his shadow had I delite and sate downe.”—*Song* ii. 3.

“They that know thy name will trust in thee, for thou, Lord, hast not failed them that seeke thee.”—*Psalme* ix. 10.

“Let the weake say, I am strong.”—*Joel* iii. 10.

“He said unto me my grace is sufficient for thee for my power is made perfect through weakenes.”—*2 Cor.* xii. 9.

“I am able to *doe* all things through the helpe of Christ which strengtheneth mee.”—*Philippians* iv. 13.

“Without mee can ye *doe* nothing.”—*John* xv. 5.

Sonnet xxxvii.

He abandons every dependence on himself—he is without strength—he has surrendered to Christ—in Him he finds everything he could have desired and had not.

How earthly friends henceforth regard him he is indifferent to—all things are his in Christ—he is profoundly happy.

AS a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Entitled in thy parts do crownéd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
While that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee
This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

The Fountaine.

“Surely the Lord shall comfort Zion . . . joy and gladnesse shall be found therein ; prayse and the voyce of singing.”—*Isaiah* li. pt. 3.

“The dead shall heare the voyce of the sonne of God, and they that heare it shall live.”—*John* v. 25.

“Let not your heart be troubled : yee beleeve in God, beleeve also in me. In my Father's house are many dwelling-places : if it were not so I would have told you : I go to prepare a place for you.”—*John* xiv. 1, 2.

“Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you . . . these things command I you, that ye love one another.”—*John* xv. pt. 16, 17.

“Sanctifie them with thy trueth. Thy word is trueth. . . . I pray not for these alone but for them also which shall beleeve in me through their word.”—*John* xvii. 17-20.

“Ye are complete in him.”—*Colossians* ii. 10.

“And being consecrate was made the authour of eternall salvation unto all them that obey him.”—*Hebrews* v. 9.

Sonnet xxxviii.

He points to his Lord's address in John's gospel, chaps. xiv. xv. all praise be to Him—if in these "curious days" anything here spoken pleases the frivolous he laments it, if by any means it should fall short of its higher purpose.

NOW can my muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O give Thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee
When thou thyself dost give invention, light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old Nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

The Fountaine.

“He that offereth praise shall glorifie mee.”—*Psalme*
l. 23.

“Who can expresse the noble acts of the Lord *or* show
forth all his praise?”—*Psalme* cvi. 2.

“They did not confesse him . . . for they loved the
praise of men more than the praise of God.”—*John* xii.
42, 43.

“The light of the body is the eye therefore when thine
eye is single then is thy whole body light.”—*Luke* xi. 34.

“We are . . . cast downe but we perish not.”—
2 Corinthians iv. 9.

“For therefore we sigh, desiring to be clothed with our
house which is from heaven.”—*2 Corinthians* v. 2.

“The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit
against the flesh and these are contrary one to the
other.”—*Galatians* v. 17.

“For I am greatly in doubt on both sides desiring to
be loosed and to bee with Christ which is best of all.”—
Philippians i. 23.

Sonnet xxxix.

He cannot sing as he would do of his heavenly lover unless he separates himself in nature from himself in grace—absent from the body he is present with the Lord. Nature may complain of the absence, but grace rejoices in a sweeter communion.



! HOW thy worth with manners may I sing
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence! what a torment would'st thou prove
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love
Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive.
And that thou teachest how to make one twain
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

The Fountaine.

“I sleepe but mine heart waketh.”—*Song* v. 2.

“God speaketh once, or twice, and one seeth it not. In dreames *and* visions of the night, when sleepe falleth upon men, and they sleepe upon their beds, then hee openeth the eares of men even by their corrections which hee had sealed.”—*Job* xxxiii. 14-16.

“Now we see thorow a glasse darkly but then *shall we see* face to face. Now I know in part, but then shal I know even as I am knowen” (*taught of God*).—*1 Cor.* xiii. 12.

“Jesus . . . sayd unto them go your wayes and shew John what things ye have seene and heard: that the blind see, the halt goe, the lepers are cleansed, the deafe heare, the dead rise againe *and* the poore receive the Gospel.”—*Luke* vii. 22.

“One thing I know that I was blinde and now I see.”—*John* ix. 25.

“We know that when he shall appeare we shal be like him; for we shal see him as he is.”—*1 John* iii. 2.

Sonnet xliii.

He meditates on spiritual blindness—at the very shadow of Christ earthly shadows flee away; but when He reveals Himself in secret there is no darkness at all—no night, and yet he anticipates and longs for the brightness when he shall “see Him as He is.”

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams, they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee
me.

The Fountaine.

“What is it that hath been : that that shal be ; and what is it that hath been done : that which shal be done : and there is no new thing under the sunne.”—*Ecclesiastes* i. 9.

“All the Athenians and strangers which dwele there (Athens) gave themselves to nothing els but either to tell or to heare some newes.”—*Acts* xvii. 21.

“Thou also hast made us able ministers of the new testament.”—*2 Corinthians* iii. 6.

“My well beloved is white and ruddie, the chiefest of ten thousand : his head is as fine gold, his locks curled and blacke as a raven : his eyes are like doves upon the rivers of waters.”—*Song* v. 10-12.

“I lift up mine eyes and looked and behold there was a man clothed in linnen whose loynes were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the chrysolite, and his face (to looke upon) like the lightning, and his eyes as lampes of fire, and his armes and his feete were like in colour to polished brasse, and the voyce of his words was like the voyce of a multitude.”—*Daniel* x. 5, 6.

“The Lord Gōd is my strength and song.”—*Isaiah* xii. 2.

Sonnet lix.

In our Poet's day, as in this, something new was ever in request, and he was importuned for it.

He would draw his divine Master's true image if he could penetrate so deep a mystery or gather his lines from those old patriarchs who communed with Him as friend converses with friend. The most learned philosophers of the past gave their wits to less exalted subjects.

IF there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child?
O! that recòrd could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done;
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composéd wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or, where, better, they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

The fountaine.

"I will come suddenly upon thee and consume thee . . . now therefore put thy costly rayment from thee, that I may know what to doe unto thee. So the children of Israel layde their good rayment from them."—*Exodus* xxxiii. 5, 6.

"When thou with rebukes dost chastise man for iniquitie, thou as a moth makest his beautie to consume."—*Psalme* xxxix. 11, (xlix. 14).

"Thou hast made all my congregation (family) desolate; and hast made me full of wrinkles . . . my face is withered with weeping and the shadow of Death is upon mine eyes . . . the yeeres accounted come, and I shall goe the way whence I shall not returne."—*Job* xvi. 7, 8, 16, 22.

"Know that I, the Lord have brought downe the hye tree and exalted the low tree: that I have dryed up the greene tree and made the drie tree to flourish."—*Ezekiel* xvii. 24.

"Man is sicke, and dieth, and man perisheth, and where is he?"—*Job* xiv. 10.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."—*Job* vii. 6.

"I die dayly."—1 *Corinthians* xv. 31.

Sonnet lx.

While the heart is beating, life is fleeting :—time—moments, periods, infancy, manhood, decrepitude—life given, taken, not destroyed. The Poet's verse shall stand ; which is to his Lord's praise whose "name is praised from the rising of the sunne, unto the going downe of the same."

LIKE as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil, all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

The Fountaine.

"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man that they are vanitie."—*Psalme xciv.* 11.

"Seest thou a man wise in his owne conceit, more hope is of a foole then of him."—*Proverbs xxvi.* 12.

"Doubtlesse man walketh in a shadow and disquieteth himselfe in vaine."—*Psalme xxxix.* 6.

"Let no man deceive himselfe, if any man among you seeme to bee wise in this world, let him bee a foole that hee may be wise."—*1 Corinthians iii.* 18.

"In all Israel there was none to be so much praised for beautie as Absalom."—*2 Samuel xiv.* 25.

"And they tooke Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the wood."—*2 Samuel xviii.* 17.

"They that wait upon lying vanities forsake their owne mercy."—*Jonah ii.* 8.

"We grope for the wall like the blind and we grope as one without eyes."—*Isaiah lix.* 10.

"Unto many blind men hee (Jesus) gave sight."—*Luke vii.* 21.

"O my God I am confounded and ashamed to lift up mine eyes unto thee my God."—*Ezra ix.* 6.

"That the love wherewith thou hast loved mee may bee in them and I in them."—*John xvii.* pt. 26.

"Thy name was spread among the heathen for thy beautie for it was perfect through my beautie which I had set upon thee, saith the Lord God."—*Ezekiel xvi.* 14.

Sonnet lxi.

Viewing himself with admiration, as with a carnal eye, his pride—self-love—is wrought upon; but when the Gospel glass reveals his imperfections, he magnifies his Redeemer, in whom alone now he sees himself comely.

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part,
And for this sin there is no remedy;
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount:
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopped with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self, so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is Thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of Thy days.

The Fountaine.

"I had no peace, neither had I quietnes, neither had I rest, yet trouble is come."—*Job* iii. 26.

"Behold he will breake downe and it cannot be built . . . behold hee withholdeth the watters and they drie up, but when he sendeth them out they destroy the earth."

"Hee increaseth the people and destroyeth them—he enlargeth the nations and bringeth them in againe."—*Job* xii. 14, 15, 23.

"Loe mine eye hath seene all *this*."—*Job* xiii. 1.

"Surely *as* the mountaine that falleth commeth to nought . . . so thou destroyest the hope of man."—*Idem* xiv. 18, 19.

"He hath cast me into the mire and I am become like ashes and dust."—*Idem* xxx. 19.

"They were afraid for feare *where* no feare was."—*Psalm* liii. 5.

"But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping and as she wept she bowed herselfe into the sepulchre and saw two angels in white sitting the one at the head and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lien, and they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She said unto them they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have layd him."—*John* xx. 11-13.

Sonnet lxiiv.

He meditates—every material feature, whether of Nature or of Art, changes, decays, or disappears—this tempts him to despondency—the disciples ‘forsook’ their Master, and ‘fled.’ The thought of possibly losing altogether his joy in having “put on the breastplate of faith and love,” makes him weep.

WHEN I have seen by Time’s fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.*

* “The feare of trouble that should ensue caused my prosperitie to seeme to me as nothing.”—Margin, G.V.B.

The Fountaine.

“O Tyrus thou hast sayd, I am of perfite beautie . . . thy borders are in the mids of the sea, and thy builders have made thee of perfite beautie.”—*Ezekiel* xxvii. 3, 4.

“Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; I wil cast thee to the ground.”—*Ezekiel* xxviii. 17, 18.

“Man shal not continue in honour . . . their beautie shall consume *when they shall goe* from their house to grave.”—*Psalme* xlix. 12-14.

“For all flesh is grasse and all the glory of man *is* as the flower of grasse. The grasse withereth, and the floure falleth away.”—*1 Peter* i. 24.

“In God *is* my salvation and my glory: the rocke of my strength: in God *is* my trust.”—*Psalme* lxii. 7.

“They that waite upon the Lorde shall renew *their* strength.”—*Isaiah* xl. 31.

“*They shall bee as* the stones of the crowne lifted up upon his land, for how great is his goodnesse! and how great is his beautie!”—*Zechariah* ix. 16, 17.

“The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and wee sawe the glory thereof as the glory of the only begotten *Son* of the Father) full of grace and truth.”—*John* i. 14.

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his glorie.”—*Isaiah* xxxiii. 17.

“We know that when he shall appeare we shall be like him.”—*1 John* iii. 2.

Sonnet lrv.

Seeing that the strongest things yield to Time's incessant attacks, how shall his feeble efforts resist so many potent adversaries—the world, the flesh, and the devil?—he will make his record of faith and love in BLACK (indelible) ink—'this miracle has might' (by renewal).

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

The Fountaine.

“Though thou clothest thyselfe with scarlet, though thou deckest thee with ornaments of golde, though thou paintest thy face with colours, yet shalt thou trimme thyselfe in vaine.”—*Jeremiah* iv. 30 (*Ezekiel* xxiii. 40).

“It came to passe as Jesus sate at meate in his house, beholde, many publicanes and sinners that came *thither*, sate downe at the table with Jesus and his disciples.”—*Matthew* ix. 10 (11, 12.).

“There is none like thee, O Lord.”—*Psalme* lxxxvi. 8.

“How great is his goodnesse! and how great is his beautie!”—*Zechariah* ix. 17.

“For in him dwelleth all the fulnes of the godhead, bodily.”—*Colossians* ii. 9.

“His face did shine as the sunne, and his clothes were as white as the light.”—*Matthew* xvii. 2 (*Luke* ix. 29).

“His face *shone* as the sunne shineth in his strength.”—*Revelation* i. 16.

“At midday, O King, I saw in the way a light from heaven passing the brightnesse of the sunne shine round about me . . . then said I, who art thou Lord, and he said I am Jesus.”—*Acts* xxvi. 13, 15.

“Who being the brightnesse of the glorie and the ingraved forme of his person and bearing up all things by his mightie word, hath by himselfe purged our sinnes.”—*Hebrews* i. 3.

Sonnet lxxvii.

He is astonished at his Lord's condescension in taking our nature—he calls to mind the testimony of His enemies—"He receiveth sinners, and eateth with them"—there is an appearance of advantage to sin: He is misrepresented in pictures, for how can erring mortality *see* and pourtray His heavenly face and beauteous character? He contrasts the false in fallen man with 'The Truth' as it is in Him. Nature's whole wealth is but a dispersed reflection of Him.

AH! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last, so bad!

The fountaine.

“I am thy part and thine inheritance.”—*Numbers* xviii. 20.

“The Lord *is* the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup . . . yea, I have a faire heritage.”—*Psalme* xvi. 5, 6.

“The Lord is my strength and my shield: mine heart trusted in him and I was helped, therefore mine heart shall rejoyce and with my song will I praise him.”—*Psalme* xxviii. 7.

“Seven times a day doe I praise thee because of thy righteous judgements.”—*Psalme* cxix. 164.

“I will blesse thee dayly and praise thy Name for ever and ever.”—*Psalme* cxlv. 2 (*et seq.*).

“I will rejoyce in the Lord, I wil joy in the God of my salvation.”—*Habakkuk* iii. 18.


“Emmanuel—which is, by interpretation, God with us.”—*Matthew* i. 23.

“Shew forth the vertues of him that hath called you out of darknesse into his marveilous light.”—*1 Peter* ii. 9.

“Hark, said Mr. Great Heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith . . . he that is humble ever shall have God to be his guide. . . . I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life and wears more of that herb called Hearts-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet.”—BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Sonnet lxxvi.

He justifies the sameness of his muse, rejoicing that it cannot vary : he has found ease of heart in Christ : the "noted weed," 'heartsease,'* "almost spells" his own name (it almost spells his dear Master's name). It is the emblem of 'thought,' and this inventive faculty serves him to express his gratitude constantly in song.


 WHY is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost { tell † } my name,
 { spell }
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet Love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument ;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

* Doubtless the "noted weed" is 'heartsease,' which "almost spells" Shakespeare —K, P, only occupying the place of T.

† The word 'tell' is an emendation, so called, of Malone, to correct 'fel' (!), as found in the edition of 1609. In all probability this was 'sel,' but intended for spel, the 'p' having dropped out, and not been replaced—no unusual oversight.

The Fountaine.

"Our dayes *are* like the shadow upon the earth, and there is none abiding."—*1 Chronicles* xxix. 15.

"For we are but of yesterday, and are ignorant : for our dayes upon earth *are* but a shadow."—*Job* viii. 9.

"O God thou . . . hast made mee full of wrinkles which is a wisse thereof, and my leanness riseth up in mee testifying *the same* in my face."—*Job* xvi. 7, 8.

"Blesséd *is* he that hath the God of Jacob for his helpe whose hope *is* in the Lord his God."—*Psalme* cxlvi. 5.

"Take heed : watch and pray for ye know not when the time is."—*Mark* xiii. 33.

"Now therefore thus sayth the Lord of hostes ; Consider your owne wayes in your hearts. Yee have sown much and bring in little, yee eat, but ye have not enough : yee drinke but yee are not filled : yee clothe you, but yee be not warme : and he that earneth wages, putteth the wages into a broken bag."—*Haggai* i. 5, 6.

"The invisible things of him, that is, his eternall power and Godhead are seene by the creation of the world, being considered in his workes to the intent that they should be without excuse."—*Romans* i. 20.

Sonnet lxxvii.

Time's ravages only serve to direct the eye in search of treasure in heaven and pleasures there "for ever more." Recent departures are warning voices. There are "blanks" in our career which may be profitably filled up with meditation and prayer.

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste :
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthéd graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks,* and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

* This sonnet must have been sent with a book with 'blank' leaves.—J. P. C.

The Fountaine.

“What hast thou that thou hast not received?”—
1 *Corinthians* iv. 7.

“All things come of thee, and of thine owne hand we have given thee : For we are strangers before thee and sojourners like all our Fathers.”—1 *Chronicles* xxix. 14, 15.

“Whom have I in heaven *but thee?* and I have desired none in the earth with thee. My flesh faileth, and mine heart *also* : *but God is* the strength of mine heart and my portion for ever.”—*Psalme* lxxiii. 25.

“Returne unto thy rest O my soule : for the Lord hath bene beneficiall unto thee. Because thou hast delivered my soule from death, mine eyes from teares and my feete from falling.”—*Psalme* cxvi. 7, 8.

“Abide in mee and I in you : as the branch cannot beare fruit of itselfe, except it abide in the vine ; no more can yee, except ye abide in me.

“I am the vine ye are the branches ; he that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without mee can ye doe nothing.”—*John* xv. 4, 5.

Sonnet lxxix.

All that he has in possession, worthy to remain, is what he has received. He can give nothing which Christ has not already given to him : to pay any debt, he must borrow of his great creditor.

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet Love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again :
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

The Fountaine.

“He spake also a parable unto them to this ende, that they ought alwayes to pray and not to ware faint.”—*Luke* xviii. 1.

“Heare my wordes O Lord . . . hearken unto the voyce of my crie, my King and my God, for unto thee doe I pray . . . in the morning O Lord, for in the morning will I direct mee unto thee and I will waite.”—*Psalme* v. 1, 2, 3.

“Praise ye the Lord with me and let us magnifie his name together.”—*Psalme* xxxiv. 3.

“Sing prayes unto the Lord yee his saints and give thanks before the remembrance of his holinesse . . . thou hast turned my mourning into joy: thou hast loosed my sacke and girded me with gladnesse. Therefore shal my tongue praise thee, and not cease: O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.”—*Psalme* xxx. 4-11, 12.

“His name onely is to bee exalted, and his praise above the earth and the heavens.”—*Psalme* cxlviii. 13.

“If thou pardon their sinne, thy mercie shall appeare; but if thou wilt not, I pray thee rase mee out of thy booke which thou hast written. Then the Lord said . . . whosoever hath sinned against mee, I will put him out of my booke.”—*Exodus* xxxii. 33.

“I would wish myselfe to bee separated from Christ, for my brethren, that are my kinsmen. Mine heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved.”—*Romans* ix. 3: x. 1.

“Blessed be his glorious name for ever.”—*Psalme* lxxii. 19.

Sonnet lxxx.

He is weak—fainting, in the presence of David—that favoured minstrel—the inspired “sweet psalmist of Israel.” Yet he will expend himself, wholly—“an odour that smelleth sweete; a sacrifice acceptable and pleasant to God.” All the redeemed sail under one banner—the banner of love. Christ bears up all—“the winds and the sea obey him.”



! HOW I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame :
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble, as the proudest sail, doth bear
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride :
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay.

The Fountaine.

“Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I withheld it not from them: I withdrew not mine heart from any joy: . . . Then I looked on all my workes that mine hands had wrought and on the travaile that I had laboured to doe, and beholde, all is vanitie.”—*Ecclesiastes* ii. 10, 11.

“(King) Hezekiah also had exceeding much riches and honour . . . But because of the ambassadours of the princes of Babel which sent unto him to enquire of the wonder that was done in the land, God left him to trie him.”—*2 Chronicles* xxxii. 27–31.

“Is not this great Babel, that I have built?”—*Daniel* iv. 27.

“How is Babel become desolate among the nations?”—*Jeremiah* l. 23.

“Ye have said, *it is* in vaine to serve God and what profit is it that we have kept his commaundement, and that we walked humbly before the Lord of hosts? therefore we count the proud blessed.”—*Malachi* iii. 14, 15.

“Doubtlesse I thinke all things but losse for the excellent knowledge sake of Christ Jesus my Lord.”—*Philippians* iii. 8.

“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”—*1 John* ii. 15.

“Feare not little flocke; for it is your Father’s pleasure to give you the kingdome.”—*Luke* xii. 32.

“Thou hast caste all my sinnes behinde thy backe.”—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 17.

“I am thy buckler and thine exceeding great reward.”—*Genesis* xv. 1.

Sonnet xci.

He observes—he meditates on the profitless aims of this world's votaries. Their enjoyments, although envied, or even coveted by many who have them not, are as nothing in comparison with the riches that are in Christ, and yet he is at times apprehensive of losing them through his inconsistencies when in mixed society.

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure :
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

The Fountaine.

“The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the eare filled with hearing.”—*Ecclesiastes* i. 1.

“The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament shewed the worke of his hands.

“The Law of the Lord is perfect converting the soule, the testimony of the Lord is sure and giveth wisdome unto the simple.”—*Psalme* xix. 1, 7.

“Thus I live, *yet*, not I now, but Christ liveth in me : and in (that) that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith in the Sonne of God who hath loved me, and given himselfe for me.”—*Galatians* ii. 20.

“Christ is all and in all.”—*Colossians* iii. 11.

“This is my well-beloved, and this is my lover, O daughters of Jerusalem.”—*Song* v. 16.

Sonnet xcvi.

His youthful days were spent indifferent to the just claims of his divine Master—he saw not the beauty of Him in them, as he might well have done, for all the wonders of creation were then before him. He confesses his fault—they were true interpreters of God and of himself—this depresses him.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him ;
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew ;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The Fountaine.

“By him were all things created which are in heaven, and which are in earth, things visible and invisible, whether *they be* Thrones or Dominions, or Principalities or Powers, all things were created by him, and for him, and he is before all things, and in him all things consist.”
Colossians i. 16, 17.

“Because of the savour of thy good oyntments thy name is as an oyntment powred out.”—*Song* i. 2.

“I Am the Rose of the field, *and* the lilie of the valleyes.”—*Song* ii. 1.

“His cheeks are as a bed of spices and as sweet flowers, and his lips like lilies dropping downe pure myrrhe.”—*Song* v. 13.

“I in them and thou in mee that they may be made perfect in one.”—*John* xvii. 23.

“Thou art worthy O Lord to receive glory and honour and power ; for thou hast created all things and for thy only sake they are and have bene created.”—*Revelation* iv. 11.

Sonnet xcix.

He sees with new eyes—every beautiful and delightful object is a despoiler of his one treasure.

He chides these earthly fascinators for detaining him, and tells them that all their charms are derived from their Creator.

THE forward violet thus did I chide :
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that
smells,

If not from my Love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my Love's veins, thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

The Fountaine.

“I love the Lord because he hath heard my voyce and my prayers.”—*Psalme cxvi.* 1.

“O my God, and King, I will extoll thee and will blesse thy Name for ever and ever.

“I will meditate of the beauty of thy glorious Majestie, and thy wonderfull works.”—*Psalme cxlv.* 1-5.

“Redeeming the time: for the dayes are evill. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understand what the will of the Lord is.”—*Ephesians v.* 16, 17.

“Considering what hath bene the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ, yesterday and to-day, the same also *is* for ever.”—*Hebrews xiii.* 7, 8.

Sonnet c.

To Christ the Poet gives his Muse, with all his might : he reproaches his Muse with unfaithfulness, and then encourages her to exalt her subject.

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem,
In gentle numbers, time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my Love's sweet face survey,
If time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despisèd everywhere.
Give my Love fame faster than time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

The Fountaine.

“Sing yee unto the Lord: for he hath triumphed gloriously.”—*Exodus* xv. 21.

“Mine heart is prepared, O God, mine heart is prepared, I will sing and give praise.”—*Psalme* lvii. 7.

“Make thy face to shine upon thy servant.”—*Psalme* xxxi. 16.

“I will sing unto the Lord *all* my life: I will praise my God while I live. Let my words bee acceptable unto him: I will rejoyce in the Lord.”—*Psalme* civ. 33, 34.

“I shall remaine a long season in the house of ye Lord.”—*Psalme* xxiii. pt. 6.

“As it is written, for this cause I will confesse thee among the Gentiles, and sing unto thy name: and againe he saieth, rejoyce ye Gentiles, with his people: and againe, prayse the Lord all yee Gentiles, and laude yee him all people together.”—*Romans* xv. 9, 10, 11.

“I lay downe my life, that I might take it againe. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it downe of myselfe: I have power to lay it downe and have power to take it againe.”—*John* x. 17, 18.

Sonnet ci.

He instructs his Muse, pointing out what a transcendent subject hers is, but argues that praise and again praise should be endeavoured, however inadequate.



TRUANT Muse ! what shall be thy amends

For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?

Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;

So dost thou too, and therein dignified.

Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,

“ Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;

Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;

But best is best, if never intermix'd.”

Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?

Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee

To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,

And to be prais'd of Ages yet to be.*

Then do thy office, Muse : I teach thee how

To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

* “ He (David) setteth not his felicity in the pleasures of this world, but in the feare and service of God.” Margin of Genevan Bible. How truly yet unconsciously our poet echoes the royal Psalmist.

* * * * *

The Fountaine.

“My lips shall speake praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes. My tongue shall intreate of thy Word.”

—*Psalme* cxix. 171, 172.

“I will greatly rejoyce in the Lorde, *and* my soule shall be joyfull in my God.”—*Isaiah* lxi. 10.

“I will praise the Lord with my whole heart.”—*Psalme* ix. 1.

“In rest and quietnesse shall ye be saved ; in quietnesse and in confidence shal be your strength.”—*Isaiah* xxx. 15.

“A meek and quiet spirit, which is before God a thing much set by.”—*I Peter* iii. 4.

“Of whom (Christ) wee have many things to say which are hard to be uttered.”—*Hebrews* v. 11.

“The words of the wise are more heard in quietnesse then the crie of him that ruleth among fooles.”—*Eccles.* x. 17.

Sonnet cii.

He is humbled at the view of himself—voiceless of praise ; yet the *sweetest* song-birds are sometimes mute ; in the spring they pour forth their glad or grateful madrigals ; in the autumn they serve in silence.

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :

That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;

As philomel in summer's front doth sing,

And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :

Not that the summer is less pleasant now

Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,

But that wild music burdens every bough,

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,

Because I would not dull you with my song.

The Fountaine.

“We all doe fade like a leafe.”—*Isaiah* lxiv. 6.

“Woe to the crowne of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim: for his glorious beautie *shall be* a fading floure.”—*Isaiah* xxviii. 1.

“Let the beautie of the Lord our God be upon us.”—*Psalme* xc. 17.

“Power and beauty *are* in his Sanctuary.”—*Psalme* xcvi. 6.

“As the mountaines *are* about Jerusalem so *is* the Lord about his people from henceforth and for ever.”—*Psalme* cxxv. 2.

“Christ, when wee were yet of no strength, at *his* time died for the ungodly.”—*Romans* v. 6.

“The Lambe which was slaine from the beginning of the world.”—*Revelation* xiii. 8.

“Which was ordained before the foundation of the world.”—*1 Peter* i. 20.

Sonnet civ.

True beauty once seen is perpetual, and cannot change. Three whole years are come and gone since the eye of his Lord arrested him, and he looked up, responsive. The dial of earthly beauty moves on its shadows, and causes unrest. Shadows fall upon his faith, and he trembles lest he should be deceived.

The beauty of holiness of which his friend is the embodiment varies not—changes are in himself. Perfect beauty in nature, and in Christ, died long ago, but *rose again* in him.

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen ;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah ! yet doth beauty like a dial hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which méthinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :
For fear of which hear this, thou age unbred—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

The Fountaine.

“Thou art fairer then the children of men : grace is powred in thy lips . . . prosper with thy glory : ride upon the word of trueth and of meeknesse, and of righteousnesse.”—*Psalme* xlv. 2-4.

“He hath shewed his marvillous kindnesse toward me.”—*Psalme* xxxi. 21.

“But when the bountifulnes and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by the works of righteousnesse which wee had done but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing ofe new birth and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.”—*Titus* iii. 4, 5.

“Master, wee know that thou art true.”—*Matthew* xxii. pt. 16.

“We knowe that the Sonne of God is come and hath given us a minde to know him which is true and we are in him that is true, *that is* in his Sonne Jesus Christ : This same is very God and eternall life.”—*1 John* v. 20.

Sonnet cv.

He anticipates that his devotional fervour on behalf of his divine Master may expose him to the charge of idolatry—he therefore justifies himself in view of what his Lord is—the perfection of beauty—the express image of kindness and the exhibition of truth—he is the Truth—and he is the author of all these—fair, kind, and true—in every person or creature—they all meet in him, constant and perfect.

LET not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence :
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind and true is all my argument,
Fair, kind and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent ;
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords :
Fair kind and true have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

The Fountaine.

"Wee must build an house for the Lord magnifical, excellent, and of great fame and dignitie throughout all countreys."—*1 Chronicles* xxii. 5.

"The Queene of Sheba saw the wisdome of Salomon and the house that he had built, and the meate of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the order of his waiters, and their apparell, and his butlers, and their apparell, and his burnt offerings which hee offered in the house of the Lord, and she was greatly astonied."—*2 Chronicles* ix. 3, 4.

"I have provided mee men singers and women singers and the delights of the sonnes of men . . . whatsoever mine eyes desired I withheld it not from them; I withdrew not mine heart from any joy."—*Ecclesiastes* ii. 8-10.

"In that day shall the Lord take away the ornament of the slippers and the calles, and the round tiers, the sweete balles, and the bracelets, and the bonnets, the tyres of the head and the stays and the headbands, and the tablets and the eare-rings. The rings and the mufflers. The costly apparell and the vailles and the wimples, and the crisping pinnes and the glasses and the fine linnen and the hoods and the launes."—*Isaiah* iii. 18, 23.

"Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which yee see and have not seene them."—*Matthew* xiii. 17.

"My soule magnifieth the Lord and my spirit rejoyceth in God my Saviour . . . blessed *bee* the Lord God of Israel because he hath visited and redeemed his people."—*Luke* i. 46, 47-68.

"The Prince of peace."—*Isaiah* ix. 6.

Sonnet cvi.

He consoles himself that those who worship lower objects than the Almighty Creator of all, experience quick disappointment; and even the Prophets, who sang as they were taught from above, had not his privileges of revelation.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful, old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights ;
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

The fountaine.

“I roare for the very griefe of mine heart: . . . on thee O Lord doe I wait: thou wilt heare *me* my Lord, my God.”—*Psalme xxxviii.* 8-15.

“Why art thou cast downe my soule? and unquiet within me? waite on God.”—*Psalme xlii.* 5.

“Hee brought mee into the wine cellar, and love *was* his banner over me.”—*Song ii.* 4.

“As the Father hath loved mee, so have I loved you: continue in my love.”—*John xv.* 9.

“There is no feare* in love, but perfect love casteth out feare.”—*1 John iv.* 18.

“I shall be like a greene olive tree in the house of God, *for* I trusted in the mercie of God for ever and ever.”—*Psalme lii.* 8.

* Such as should trouble the conscience.—Margin.

Sonnet cvii.

He springs out of himself in the contemplation of Christ as his almighty friend and deliverer—death shall have no power over him—the world's dreams no longer attract him. The Gospel is a lively breathing monument, "in this poor rhyme" which he herein proclaims; neither he nor it can die.

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time,
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

The Fountaine.

(Jesus) "said . . . knew ye not that I must goe about my father's businesse?"—*Luke* ii. 49.

"Jesus said, I am the bread of life."—*John* vi. 35.

"Then spake Jesus . . . saying, I am the light of the world."—*John* viii. 12.

"Love one another as I have loved you."—*John* xv. 12.

"I am with you alway."—*Matthew* xxviii. 20.

"We love him because he loved us first."—*I John* iv. 19.

"I will love thee dearely O Lorde, my strength."—*Psalme* xviii. 1.

"I lay downe my life for *my* sheepe . . . no man taketh it from me, but I lay it downe of myselfe."—*John* x. 15-18.

"By his owne blood entred he in once unto the holy place, and obtained eternall redemption for us."—*Hebrews* ix. 12.

"I am the first and I am the last."—*Isaiah* xliv. 6.

Sonnet cviii.

He endeavours to show the indivisible relationship of sinners (mankind) with their Saviour in an everlasting salvation, and his song would ever be that of the redeemed : had He not shed His blood for them— for *him* ?

WHAT'S in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee, my true spirit ?
What's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
Nothing, sweet boy ;* but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age ;
Nor gives, to necessary wrinkles, place ;
But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

* "Sweet boy" is an expression characteristic of our Poet, addressing the handsome and noble youth "W. H.," toward whom he entertained a very warm attachment with a gentle familiarity. The whole tenour of this sonnet breathes of a higher devotion.

The fountaine.

(God) "breathed in his face breath of life and the man was a living soule."—*Genesis* ii. 7.

"The breath of the Almighty hath given me life."—*Job* xxxiii. 4.

(1) "shall put my spirit in you and yee shall live."—*Ezekiel* xxxvii. 14.

"Thou hast delivered my soule from death, mine eyes from teares, and my feete from falling."—*Psalme* cxvi. 8.

"If I wash myselfe with snow water and purge my hands most cleane, yet shalt thou plunge mee in the pit and mine owne clothes shall make mee filthie."—*Job* ix. 30, 31.

(Jesus said) "if I wash thee not thou shalt have no part with mee."—*John* xiii. 8.

"I am the rose of the field."—*Song* ii. 1.

"I will praise the Lord with my whole heart."—*Psalme* ix. 1 ; cxi. 1 ; cxxxviii. 1.

Sonnet cix.

If his Lord should reproach him with fickleness (and well He may), he looks again to the atonement made on his behalf—he is washed—he is clean—and thence, to *His* joyful resurrection and his own. Then his heart glows within him—"I will praise thee."



! NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged
Like him that travels, I return again
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
* All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my Rose; in it † thou art my all.

* "Sin hath reigned," but does so no longer.

† "Christ is all and in all."

The fountaine.

“Thou drewest neere . . . thou saydest, Feare not. O Lord, thou hast maintained the cause of my soule and hast redeemed my life.”—*Lamentations* iii. 57, 58.

“He hath sayd I will not faile thee neither forsake thee.”—*Hebrews* xiii. pt. 5 (*Genesis* xxviii. 15).

“Wait patiently upon the Lord and hope in him: fret not thyselfe for him which prospereth in his way.”—*Psalme* xxxvii. pt. 7.

“Rest awhile . . . be of good comfort: it is I; be not afraid . . . as many as touched him were made whole.”—*Mark* vi. 31-50-56.

“I lay downe my life for my sheepe.”—*John* x. pt. 15.

“Ye know that he appeared that he might take away our sinnes, and in him is no sinn.”—*1 John* iii. 5.

“I am the Lord, I change not.”—*Malachi* iii. 6.

Sonnet cx.

He lingers over the inward sense of his declensions : the shadow yet lies across the path of his spiritual life, but his Lord is waiting to be gracious : out of his very shrinking from Him, he realises the unvarying compassion and welcome.

ALAS ! 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view ;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new :
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
These blenches* gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done save what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

* 'Blenches'—startings—shrinkings back.—W. S.

The fountaine.

“He hath accused (slandered) thy servant unto my Lord the King.”—2 *Samuel* xix. 27.

“Let every one take heede of his neighbour and trust you not in any brother, for every brother wil use deceit and every friend will deale deceitfully.”—*Jeremiah* ix. 4.

“The word of the Lord was made a reproch unto mee and in derision dayly, then I said I will not make mention of him, nor speake any more in his Name, but his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not *stay*. For I had heard the rayling of many . . . All my familiars watched for my halting.”—*Jeremiah* xx. 8-10.


“Yee have heard of the patience of Job and have knowen what end the Lord *made*. For the Lord is very pitifull and mercifull.”—*James* v. 11.

“God forbid that I should rejoyce, but in the crosse of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*Galatians* vi. 14.

“As far as the East is from the West so farre hath hee removed our sinnes from us . . . my soule, praise thou the Lord.”—*Psalme* ciii. 12-22.

Sonnet cxii.

He is strong in the Lord—the world may scoff, slander, and wound,
but the love of Christ is balm for all.

OUR love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppéd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world beside methinks they are dead.

The Fountaine.

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that hee loved us, and sent his Sonne *to be* a reconciliation for our sinnes.”—1 *John* iv. 10.

“When wee were enemies wee were reconciled to God by the death of his Sonne.”—*Romans* v. 10.

“I will make mention of thy righteousnesse *even* of thine onely.”—*Psalme* lxxi. 16.

“Not having mine owne righteousnesse.”—*Philippians* iii. pt. 9.

“Teach mee thy way, O Lord, and I will walke in thy trueth; knit mine heart unto thee that I may feare thy Name.”—*Psalme* lxxxvi. 11.

“Be ye stedfast, unmoveable.”—1 *Corinthians* xv. pt. 58.

“Know ye not that they which run in a race runne all, yet one receiveth the prize? so run that ye may obtaine.”—1 *Corinthians* ix. 24.

Sonnet cv.

He reflects on all his protestations of love to his divine lover; in the past it has been lower than it now is, and yet is now so poor—so inestimably inferior to His just claim, which is indeed boundless—that he can only console himself in the view of an endless progression.

THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer :
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things ;
Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, " Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

The Fountaine.

"If his children forsake my law . . . then will I visite their transgression with the rod and their iniquity with strokes, yet my lovingkindnes wil I not take from him, neither will I falsifie my truth."—*Psalme* lxxxix. pt. 30-33.

"Let the wicked forsake his wayes . . . and return unto the Lord, and he wil have mercy upon him."—*Isaiah* lv. pt. 7.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with mercie I have drawn thee."—*Jeremiah* xxxi. pt. 3.

"Thou shalt call mee, *saying*, My Father, and shalt not turne from mee."—*Jeremiah* iii. pt. 19 (*Romans* viii. 15).

"Who is like unto thee which hast showed me great troubles and adversities, *but* thou wilt returne and revive mee."—*Psalme* lxxi. 19, 20.

"They shal be to me, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day that I shall doe *this*, for a flocke and I will spare them as a man spareth his owne sonne that serveth him."—*Malachi* iii. 17.

"If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, they would greatly contemne it."—*Song* viii. pt. 7.

"In this appeared the love of God toward us, because God sent his only begotten Sonne into the world, that wee might live through him."—1 *John* iv. 9.

Sonnet cxvi.

The absence of sunshine in his soul brings him again to reflection. The union of true minds can never be dissolved. Communion ever proves Christ's love to be unchanged and unchangeable.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments : Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no ! it is an ever fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

The Fountaine.

"Thou hast forgotten the mighty God that begate thee and hast forgotten God that formed thee."—*Deuteronomy xxxii. 18.*

"Can a maid forget her ornament, or a bride her attire. Yet my people have forgotten me dayes without number."—*Jeremiah ii. 32.*

"Israel hath forgotten his maker."—*Hosea viii. pt. 14.*

"I will bring distresse upon men that they shall walke like blind men because they have sinned against the Lord, and their blood shall be powred out as dust and their flesh as the dung."—*Zephaniah i. 17.*

"It is the Lord's mercies that wee are not consumed because his compassions faile not: they are renewed every morning; great is thy faithfulness."—*Lamentations iii. 22, 23.*

"I will have mercie upon her that was not pitied, and I wil say to them which were not my people Thou art my people, and they shall say *Thou art my God.*"—*Hosea ii. 23.*

"Them that honour mee I will honour and they that despise mee shall be despised."—*1 Samuel ii. 30.*

"Thy Word *is a* lanterne unto my feet and a light unto my path."—*Psalme cxix. 105.*

"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sinnes in his blood and made us Kings and Priests unto God even his Father to him *be* glory and dominion for evermore. Amen."—*Revelation i. 5-6.*

Sonnet cxvii.

There is presented to his mind a state of declension and aggravation of ingratitude, quite desperate, by which is further magnified the grace of his Lord, whose constancy triumphs over his own disloyalty.



ACCUSE me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which would transport me farthest from your sight :
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

The Fountaine.

“Wo, he that coveteth an evill coveteousnesse to his house that hee may set his nest on high to escape from the power of evill. Thou hast consulted shame to thine owne house by destroying many people and hast sinned against thine owne soule.”—*Habakkuk* ii. 9, 10.

“They that will be rich fall into tentation (temptation) and snares and into many foolish and noysome lusts which drowne men in perdition and destruction, for the desire of money is the roote of all evill.”—*1 Timothy* vi. 9, 10.

“Be content with those things that ye have for he hath sayd I will not faile thee neither forsake thee.”—*Hebrews* xiii. 5.

“A small thing unto the just man is better than great riches to the wicked and mighty.”—*Psalme* xxxvii. 16.

“I have had as great delight in the way of thy testimonies as in all riches.”—*Psalme* cxix. 14.

Sonnet cxi.

He has not escaped the influence of a gambling age, and has been tempted: he has lamented acts of imprudence without enjoying the good fruit of real repentance, but now gratefully confesses that ill-success was his true gain—love lost is double worth when recovered—“a little, with contentment, is great gain.”

WHAT potions have I drunk of syren tears
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed
Whilst it hath thought itself so blesséd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

The Fountaine.

“Grudge not one against another brethren least ye be condemned: beholde, the judge standeth before the doore. . . . Behold we count them blessed which endure. Yee have heard of the patience of Job and have knowen what end the Lord *made*. For the Lord is very pitifull and mercifull.”—*James* v. 9–11.

“Then Job answered ^e Lord saying, behold I am vile: what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.”—*Job* xxxix. 36, 37.

“Surely mine enemie did not defame mee: for I could have borne it; neither did mine adversarie exalt himselfe against mee: for I would have hid me from him; but *it was* thou, O man, even my companion, my guide and my familiar which delighted in consulting together, and went into the house of God as companions.”—*Psalme* lv. 12–14.

“Therefore thou art inexcusable O man whosoever thou art that judgest, for in that thou judgest another thou condemnest thyselfe: for thou that judgest doest the same things.”—*Romans* ii. 1.

Sonnet cxxi.

He has been falsely accused, and conscious of his own honour, his sensitive nature is sadly wounded: he knows his own heart, and yet has learned not to trust it, for God has searched it at his own desire, and enabled him to trust in his heavenly friend for justification. The general evil affords him no consolation, he has found a better.

'**I**S better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties, why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own: *
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

* "A Christian, he is a hidden man; he hath an excellent life, but it is a hidden life."—RICHARD SIBBS, D.D.

The Fountaine.

“Rend your heart and not your clothes and turne unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and mercifull, slow to anger and of great kindnes and repenteth him of the evill.”—*Joel* ii. 13.

“There he spake with us, yea, the Lord God of hostes, the Lord is himselfe his memoriall.”—*Hosea* xii. 4, 5.

“I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts and will be their God and they shall be my people.”—*Jeremiah* xxxi. 33.

“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things pertaine to love, whatsoever things *are* of good report, if there be any vertue, or if there *be* any praise, thinke on these things.”—*Philippians* iv. 8.

“Hee tooke bread and when hee had given thankes, he brake it and gave to them saying, This is my body which is given for you: doe this in remembrance of me.”—*Luke* xxii. 19.

Sonnet cxvii.

His meditation is of *The* gift—Christ, and of the precepts of the Word—the power of it commands memory—he needs no keepsakes—they would only insult memory by suggesting possibility of forgetfulness. A grateful heart finds complete consolation in its bosom friend, whose heart beats in sympathy with every heart, heavy, yet sighing for relief.

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain,
Full charactered with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee : thy record never can be missed.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

The Fountaine.

"Now the end of all things is at hand: Bee yee therefore sober and watching in prayer."—*1 Peter* iii. 7.

"O foole, this night will they fetch away thy soule from thee."—*Luke* xii. 20.

"The heart of the wise shall know the time and judgement."—*Ecclesiastes* viii. 5.

"The Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lift up his hand to heaven and sware by him that liveth for evermore . . . that time should bee no more."—*Revelation* x. 5, 6.

"We know that if our earthly house of this Tabernacle be destroyed we have a building *given* of God."—*2 Corinthians* v. 1.

"The gift of God is eternall life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Romans* vi. 23.

"For indeede the strength of Israel will not lie nor repent for hee is not a man that he should repent."—*1 Samuel* xv. 29.

"The dead shall be raised up incorruptible."—*1 Corinthians* xv. 52.

"Being borne anew not of mortal seed but of immortall, by the Word of God who liveth and endureth for ever."—*1 Peter* i. 23.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread hee shall live for ever . . . Whosoever eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternall life."—*John* vi. 51-54.

"I will magnifie thee, O Lord."—*Psalme xxx.* 1.

Sonnet cxliii.

He is not the slave of change or novelty. The 'Pyramids' even of this world speak falsely—they, successively, become a desolation in a silent waste. Time, ever fleeting, is its own witness against their permanence. The Saviour of Man is the Alpha and Omega—man by Him lives again in Him, and can thus regard time's decaying things without dismay—destruction is wrought by his hand. Eternity is sure, on which he reposes with devout assurance.

NO! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

The Fountaine.

"Is not this Joseph's sonne?"—*Luke* iii. 22. "The Carpenter?"—*Marke* vi. 3.

"This man we know not from whence he is."

"Thou art altogether borne in sinnes, and doest thou teach us? so they cast him out."—*John* ix. 29-34.

"And many of them sayd hee hath a devill and is mad."—*John* x. 20.

"Peter . . . denied before them all, saying I wote not what thou sayest . . . and againe he denied with an oath saying, I know not the man."—*Matthew* xxvi. 69, 70-72.

"Then the Lord turned backe and looked upon Peter . . . and Peter went out and wept bitterly."—*Luke* xxii. 61, 62.

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."—*Revelation* iii. 19.

"If therefore ye be without correction, whereof all are partakers, then are yee bastards and not sonnes."—*Hebrews* xii. 8.

"So when they had dined Jesus sayd to Simon Peter, Simon *the sonne* of Jona, lovest thou mee? . . . Hee sayd unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Hee said unto him, Feede my sheepe."—*John* xxi. 15, 16.

Sonnet cxxiv.

His love far, far exceeds all states of earthly caprice, and all periods of this world's limitations.

Love, true love, is of divine origin. Time's servants live only for self, and die *to* self—his "heart is prepared, so is his tongue: he will sing and give praise." _____

IF my dear love were but a child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralléd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers,
To this, I witness call, the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

The Fountaine.

“They said, Goe to, let us build us a citie and a towre whose top *may reach* unto the heaven that wee may get us a name.”—*Genesis* xi. 4.

“Seekest thou great things for thyselfe? seeke them not.”—*Jeremiah* xlv. 5.

“Bee not hie minded but make yourselves equall to them of the lower sort.”—*Romans* xii. 16.

“Who knoweth what is good for man in the life?”—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 2.

“Take . . . unleavened bread, and cakes unleavened tempered with oyle . . . (of fine wheat floure shalt thou make them).”—*Exodus* xxix. 1, 2.

“They suborned men which said We have heard him [Stephen] speake blasphemous words against Moses and God.”—*Acts* vi. 11.

“We have found this man [Paul] a pestilent fellow and a moover of sedition.”—*Acts* xxiv. 5.

“Resist the devill and he will flee from you.”—*James* iiiii. 7.

Sonnet cxxv.

He covets no outward distinctions of titles or dignities—they are the world's gifts to the world.

Greedy fortune and favour-hunters have a brief career; they miss the only true riches in Christ—the hidden communion in union. He gives freely what he has to give, not for reward. Man's great accuser would rob him of his jewel if he could, but he cannot; his very calumnies serve but to rouse him to circumspection and more earnest jealousy for truth. The truth has made him free.

WERE 'T aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring;
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all and more by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent?
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

* * * * *

The Fountaine.

"Can a rush grow without mire?"—*Job* viii. 11.

"Amnon loved . . . Amnon hated . . . exceedingly."
—2 *Samuel* xiii. 1-15.

"When the Lord saw that the wickednesse of man was great in the earth and all the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart *were* onely evill continually Then it repented the Lord that hee had made man in the earth."—*Genesis* vi. 5, 6.

"I gave them up unto the hardnes of their hearts."—*Psalme* lxxxi. 12.

"Their feete run to evil and they make haste to shed innocent blood: their thoughts are wicked thoughts: desolation and destruction *is* in their paths."—*Isaiah* lix. 7.

"I had not knowen lust except the Law had sayd, Thou shalt not lust."—*Romans* vii. 7.

"When lust hath conceived it bringeth fourth sinne, and sinne when it is finished bringeth fourth death. Erre not."—*James* i. 15, 16.

"Raging waves of the sea foming out their owne shame."—*Jude* 13.

"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minde, *that is*, of the infidels."—2 *Corinthians* iv. 4.

"O God be mercifull to me a sinner."—*Luke* xviii. 13.

"She hath washed my feete with teares, and wiped them with the haire of her head."—*Luke* vii. 44.

Sonnet cxxix.

He is impressed "that original corruption inclines man to evil," and that a wilful, raging blindness and deafness renders futile all warnings and persuasions, human and divine (until) unless the heart capitulates at discretion.

H' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight ;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof—and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

The Fountaine.

“My sheepe wandered thorow all the mountaines and upon every high hill, yea, my flock was scattered thorow all the earth.”—*Ezekiel xxxiv. 6.*

“As a shepheard searcheth out his flock when hee hath beene among his sheepe that are scattered so will I seeke out my sheepe.”—*Ezekiel xxxiv. 12.*

“And yee, my sheepe, the sheepe of my pasture are men, and I am your God saith the Lord God.”—*Ezekiel xxxiv. 31.*

“Hee shall feede His flocke like a shepheard.”—*Isaiah xl. 11.*

“Feede the flocke of God, which dependeth upon you: caring for it not by constraint, but willingly . . . be sober and watch for your adversary the devill as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devoure.”—I *Peter v. 2, 8.*

“Shall not God avenge his elect which cry day and night unto him . . . I tell you hee will avenge them quickly.”—*Luke xviii. 7, 8.*

“I lay downe my life for *my* sheepe.”—*John x. 15.*

Sonnet cxliii.

He has observed that some, otherwise worthy, pastors frequently let go their charge, spending precious time in trivial matters, or such as would be better deputed to others, yet he would not find fault if reflection and affection might bring them home again to their sacred charge and duty.

HO! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

The Fountaine.

“O Lord are not thine eyes upon the trueth?”—*Jeremiah* v. 3.

“I will kindle a fire in thee and it shall devoure all the greene wood in thee and all the drie wood: and all flesh shall see that I, the Lord, have kindled it and it shall not be quenched. Then said I, ah Lord God, they say of mee doeth not he speake parables?”—*Ezekiel* xx. 47, 48.

“Rise up, rise up and put on strength O arme of the Lord: rise up as in the old time . . . art not thou the same which hath dried the sea: the waters of the great deepe, making the depth of the sea a way for the redeemed to passe over?”—*Isaiah* li. 9, 10.

“I will redeeme them from the power of the grave: O death I will be thy death: O grave I will bee thy destruction.”—*Hosea* xiii. 14.

“The creature also shall bee delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sonnes of God.”—*Romans* viii. 21.

“Bee not carefull for your life . . . nor yet for your body, what yee shall put on.”—*Matthew* vi. 25.

“O the deepnesse of the riches both of the wisdome and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgements and his wayes past finding out!”—*Romans* xi. 33.

“I came down from heaven not to doe mine owne will: . . . this is the will of him that sent me, that every man which seeth the Sonne and believeth in him should have everlasting life.”—*John* iv. 38-40.

Sonnet c^{lvi}.

He reflects that in his spiritual warfare, this earthly tabernacle, the body—"my sinful earth"—troubles him, and makes him weak in the spirit. The fast decay of that grosser part of him fosters the increase of the nobler to his soul's prosperity. Growth and health is promoted, as the removal of weeds from the tilled soil, or wild shoots from engrafted trees, affords vigour to the appointed head.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate* thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on me,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

* The sense of *aggravate* is, clearly, "increase," the primary synonym.

NOTE


IT will not have escaped observation that while the spelling of the translators—or it may be more correct to say the revisers of the Bible known as the Genevan Version—was of no certain character, and varied on every page of each successive edition, through the lack of any standard, the seemingly less learned Poet's spelling is given in the approved orthography of our own day. This is due, no doubt, to the opinion of the 'Republic of Letters,' that readers may be enabled thus to study Shakspeare more agreeably to all in the popular form.

FAREWELL !

C. E.

INTERPRETATION.

GEORGE WITHER.

“ IS no grace to her at all
If, her hair, I, sunbeams, call ;
For, were there a power in art
So to pourtray every part
All men might these beauties see
As they so appear to me.”

G. W.

[If anything may seem to have a doubtful interpretation, assure yourselves the honestest meaning in it is mine.—G. W.*]

* I entreated him to explain his meaning in some obscure passages ; but he told me how that were to take away the employment of his interpreters.

JOHN MARRIOT, Editor of *Wither's Poems.*

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